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EXECUTIONS IN FRANCE.

THE CONSPIRACY AND DEATH OF FIESCHI AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

I ARRIVED off Havre, in the latter part of September, and the pilot who boarded the ship, soon after our entrance into the Channel, gave us the first account of the singular conspiracy of the 28th of July. The almost miraculous escape of the king, the great number slaughtered immediately around his person, and in the very midst of the National Guards, the extraordinary character of the infernal machine, and the cool, mocking, fantastical extravagance of the assassin, excited great interest. Fieschi was badly wounded by the explosion of some of his guns; his face was dreadfully lacerated, and fears were for a long time entertained, lest his death might deprive the police of the best means of tracing out the extent of a conspiracy of such alarming boldness. A bullet passed so near the head of the king, as to leave a mark upon his forehead. Fieschi altered the direction of his battery, to avoid Col. Lavocat, whom he observed in the suite of the royal family. He had lived with Lavocat as a servant, and had become somewhat attached to him. Such are the trifles upon which the great events of history turn! The gratitude of a servant saved the dynasty of Orleans from destruction, and France, and perhaps Europe, from a revolution.

The trial was deferred an unusual period. It was not until January of the next year, that the four conspirators, Fieschi, Pepin, Morey, and Boireau, were arraigned before the Peers of France. All offenders against the state are tried by this great body; and the infamous conviction of the Prince of Moscowa, the immortal Ney, in violation of justice and law, and the express stipulations of the treaty of Paris, proves how fit a tribunal it is for the administration of impartial justice. That 'judicial assassination,' as Carrel pronounced it, in the face of the peerage of France, upon a recent memorable occasion, is one of the foulest stains on the impotent administration of Louis XVIII. The peers met day after day, for several weeks, for the examination of the conspirators, and of the witnesses summoned on the trial. It is a singular and wretched feature in the judicial system of France, that the accused are always subjected to a most rigid and embarrassing cross-examination by the court, the

effect of which must be in the highest degree inconsistent with the impartiality so essential to the just administration of law. The trial at length drew to a close. Boireau was sentenced to transportation, and the other three to be guillotined. The execution followed quick upon the sentence.

The population of Paris is far too fond of every species of exhibition, not to find an execution irresistible. It is true, that much of the interest which these scenes tend to excite, has been destroyed by the introduction of the guillotine in place of the axe. In this, as in other things, the improvements of modern times have stripped off all that was picturesque in the customs of our forefathers. In the good old days of the *ancien régime*, an execution was a very different thing from the hurried, secret, mechanical, labor-saving operation of the present day. Then there was no concealment, no attempt to deprive the populace of their rightful participation in the scenes. The nobles had the privilege of a place upon the scaffold, and the people were permitted to press round its foot. Then, too, the executioner was a great man. He had his partisans and his enemies, his admirers and his detractors. He was the 'Monsieur de Paris' of the olden time; a great officer, of fearful distinction; a man whom none would willingly encounter. It was a fine sight to see the keen, unerring aim, the instant blow, with which he severed, at a stroke, the head of the unhappy criminal from his prostrate form. There was a consciousness of triumph pictured in the grim features of this great minister of the law, as he rose from the blow, and the air rang with the shouts of the applauding multitude. But now all is changed. The people are no longer freely admitted to these infernal games; the scaffold is no longer graced with the nobles of the kingdom; the executioner no longer triumphs in the masterly exhibition of his art. Every thing is done by machinery. The king's attendants are slain by one machine, and their assassins are decapitated by another.

The day and the place fixed for the execution were studiously concealed. The populace were extremely anxious to be present, and the police were equally anxious to deprive them of that pleasure. For several days, vast crowds had assembled by sunrise, the usual period of execution, at the different *barrières* at which it was expected to take place. An officer of the National Guard, ordered out to attend the execution, informed a friend of the place at which the scaffold was to be erected. Our cabriolet was in waiting by day-light. It was a mild, clear morning, in February, and the dawn promised a day of more than common loveliness. We drove rapidly along the Boulevards, the Rue Royale, and across the Place de la Revolution and the Pont Louis Quinze, and winding along the southern bank of the Seine, we passed the Quais D'Orsay, Voltaire, and Malaquais, until, turning to the right into the Rue de Seine and the Rue de Tournon, we found ourselves, in a few minutes, at the palace of the Luxembourg. Entering the Rue Vaugirard, which runs in front of this celebrated pile, we turned again to the right, into a street whose inauspicious name sounded sadly in unison with the dreadful object of our visit. We were in the *Rue d'Enfer*. Here, for the first time, we observed the unusual multitude which began to fill the streets at this early hour. The trottoirs and the carriage-way were covered

with a crowd of men, women, and children, all hurrying toward the walls. Cabriolets and carriages of every variety, were moving forward, as fast as they could press along the narrow and crowded avenue. We had proceeded only a few hundred yards, before we perceived men and women on foot, and occasional carriages returning. This augured unfavorably; but we drove only the more rapidly, concluding they had, in despair of piercing the crowd, which choked the farther end of the street, turned back to seek their way by some less thronged thoroughfare. In a short time, we found it impossible to proceed farther in our cab. Dismounting, we pushed our way through the moving multitude, observing at every step increasing numbers returning. We soon found an explanation in a detachment of cavalry, drawn across the street, with orders to prevent any one from passing in the direction of the *barrières*. Nothing could exceed our perplexity at this unexpected difficulty. Every chance of seeing the execution seemed to be at once cut off. It wanted but a few minutes of seven o'clock, the hour at which it was to take place. We endeavored to ascertain, from the officers in command, whether there was any way by which we could get within sight of the guillotine. We could gather nothing from the imperturbable ignorance or incivility of these men. Determined to spare no exertions to accomplish our object, with a couple of friends, I turned down a narrow street, leading into the Rue du Faubourg St. Jacques. The crowd lingered around the spot at which their progress was arrested by the troops, or returned back, along the Rue d'Enfer, into the city. No one seemed disposed to follow us; yet we had struck the true path. As soon as we reached the Rue du Faubourg St. Jacques, we encountered another stream of people, on foot, men, women, and children, moving toward the *barrière*. The crowd was not very dense, nor was it moving very rapidly; and we found no difficulty in pushing forward with more rapid steps than those around us. The long street of the Faubourg St. Jacques leads in an almost straight line from the centre of the most crowded quarter of Paris, to the Boulevards, a broad avenue, stretching nearly around the whole circumference of Paris, and generally bounded by the walls of the city. At irregular distances, are the gates which lead into the country; and at each of these *barrières*, as they are called, are stations of the custom-house officers, appointed for the collection of a duty levied upon almost every article of consumption entering the city. The Rue Faubourg St. Jacques passes the Boulevards, opposite one of these *barrières*, or gates, and forms a semi-circular *Place*, immediately in front, the street opening on either side, and the houses being built around a semi-circle. This was the place fixed for the execution.

As soon as we reached the summit of a small elevation in the street; my attention was attracted by a *woman*, who pointed out the scaffold. I could just discover the tops of two parallel beams, about eighteen inches or two feet apart, joined by another on the top. Now, for the first time, we were satisfied that the execution was to take place, and that this was the spot. Continuing to push forward through the crowd, which had now become almost stationary, I found to my surprise, the street less crowded, the nearer we ap-

proached the guillotine. Whether this was produced by an unwillingness to behold the dreadful scene too near, or from an apprehension on the part of the people that they might be injured by the squadrons of horse who guarded the place, in their movements in the event of any disturbance, I cannot say. But I think this last apprehension was most probably the cause, for the government had plainly shown, by the great pains it had taken to conceal the execution, and by the vast numbers of troops ordered out for the occasion, that it apprehended the possibility of a riot; and the fear of the ministry had probably communicated some alarm to the more timid of the populace.

The guillotine had been erected during the night. It was formed of wood, painted red, and constructed so as to be erected and taken down at every execution. A flight of some eight or ten steps led to a platform about fourteen feet square, raised some seven feet from the ground. Immediately opposite to the steps, two parallel beams, placed near the edge of the platform, rose twelve or fifteen feet high, and were fastened by a cross beam at the top. They were eighteen inches or two feet apart. The axe moved up and down in grooves, in the sides of these upright posts; and the height to which it is drawn, with the weight of its metal, gives the blow with sufficient force to sever the neck with unerring certainty. The blade of the axe is wide and thin, and the edge forms a diagonal line with the parallel sides of the beams, so as to render the cutting more easy. When the criminal ascends the scaffold, he is placed on a step attached, at right angles, to a board rising perpendicularly in front of him, and reaching a few inches above his head. To this board he is lashed by the executioner, so that his body is held firmly in its place. When this is done, the board, with the prisoner's body bound to it, is turned over upon a sort of axle, the prisoner being thus thrown upon his face, and is received on a track along which it is rolled, until the neck of the victim lies immediately under the axe. The neck is then placed in a semi-circle cut in a board, placed between the two beams in which the axe moves; and another board, with a corresponding semi-circular opening, is fastened upon the first, so as to hold the neck fixed immediately in the line along which the axe descends.

The foot of the scaffold was surrounded, at a distance of some twenty or thirty feet, by a line of infantry, eight or ten deep, the sharp blades of whose bayonets formed a dense hedge, almost impenetrable to the eye, above the not very elevated heads of the dwarfish *troupes de ligne*. Infantry and mounted troops lined the Boulevards to the right and left, and choked up every approach to the scaffold, except that through the Rue Faubourg St. Jaques, by which we had come. The walls of the city enclosing the Boulevards, the house tops in the vicinity, and the trees which overlooked the walls, swarmed with a countless multitude of people. There could not have been less than seventy or eighty thousand persons within sight of the scaffold; and this vast crowd had assembled at seven in the morning, about sunrise, although the execution had been kept secret and all the streets, but one, leading to the place had been closed by troops; and at the very instant that this great assemblage was collected at the Barrière St. Jaques, an almost equal number were assembled at

an opposite extremity of the city, expecting the execution to take place there!

I was looking around for an eligible position from which to gain a view of the execution, when, for a small fee, myself and a friend secured a couple of places in a window, looking on the Place, and raised some four feet above the ground. A correspondent of some London paper had got into a corner of the window, and we found no little difficulty in effecting an arrangement by which all might look out at the same time. We fastened a handkerchief across the window, which supported us as we leaned forward. Our position was extremely uncomfortable; and but for the intense excitement of the scene, and its short continuance, would have been intolerable. We accomplished our object, however, of looking over the heads of the crowd, and the bayonets of the troops; and were not more than twenty-five or thirty yards from the scaffold itself.

The crowd thickened in the Place. A feverish anxiety seemed to render it unusually restless; yet there was no struggling for choice positions. A great number of women, of the working classes, were present. I had scarce cast my eye over the curious scene before me, when we discovered the plumes of horsemen moving down the Boulevards, from the direction of the gardens of the Luxembourg palace, and recognised the procession preceding the cars of the prisoners. The great officer charged with the superintendence of the execution, a Marshal of France I believe, and his staff, rode in front. They entered the space formed by the circle of infantry, and the mounted men that accompanied them formed a line within this circle. The cars containing the three prisoners, who were accompanied by a priest a-piece, followed next in the order in which the criminals were to be executed. The procession halted. A moment was consumed in preparation. Presently the long trembling form of Pepin was seen ascending the scaffold. He wore a cap that fitted close to his head, and the usual cloak in which criminals are dressed for the scaffold, after the ceremony of *the toilette*, as it is technically called, has been performed. This is disposed of just before leaving the prison, and consists in cutting the hair close to the back of the head, and tearing off the collar of the shirt, so as to leave the neck clear for the axe. This is generally considered one of the most painful moments in the whole process. The reader may recollect the vivid description of the sensations produced by the cold touch of the scissors on the bare neck, in Hugo's '*Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*.' Pepin placed himself on the foot-board; the executioner threw aside his cloak, and tossed off his cap, with an air of professional coxcombry. His body was firmly bound, and the board on which it was lashed was rolled under the guillotine. The neck was fastened. The executioner stepped aside, and touching a spring, the axe descended! The head rolled into a pannier prepared to receive it, and the body was pushed off the side of the scaffold, and was instantly removed. The axe was raised, its broad blade red with blood; and a few handfuls of saw-dust were scattered over the platform.

Morey came next. He was an old man, corpulent, and extremely infirm. The terrors of death had unmanned Pepin and himself. Both exhibited the most dreadful apprehensions, throughout the whole of

their trials. He ascended the scaffold, went through the same ceremonies, and was despatched with the same quickness. Fieschi was the hero of the piece. The multitude waited with impatience for his 'last appearance.' He ascended the fatal steps. His face was pallid as death. When he had reached the platform, he turned toward the people, his head averted from the axe, and prepared to address them a few words. Intense silence instantly prevailed. He spoke in a tremulous voice, scarcely audible even at the short distance at which I was. He said, referring to his testimony before the Peers, '*J'ai dit la vérité,*' or '*toute la vérité,*' for we differed among ourselves as to the exact words which he uttered, and even the journals of the next morning gave contradictory accounts. He was lashed to the machine, and his head rolled from his shoulders in an instant. When the last blow of the guillotine had been struck, and the execution was over, I scanned with interest the crowd beneath my feet. They were evidently deeply excited. An indistinct murmur indicated a muttering of words not meant to be heard. I could feel that there was a struggle to suppress their emotions. The cars with the bodies, and the great mass of the military, began to move off; a few remained to guard the workmen who were already busy in taking down the scaffold. The crowd was dispersing. I lingered some fifteen minutes on the ground, and before I left, scarcely a timber of the scaffolding remained, to show where the guillotine had been. From the time that Pepin ascended the steps, until the head of Fieschi was severed from his body, there elapsed less than four minutes! In this time, three men had ascended the scaffold, been executed, and one had made a speech to the people. Here was the perfection of machinery, with a vengeance! I returned to my lodgings, through the gardens of the Tuilleries; and as I passed under the windows of the royal apartments, I reflected that the man who had brought those poor creatures to the scaffold, felt less concern for the sacrifice, than I, who had been but a witness of the butchery.

A TRAVELLER.

SONNET.

Thou art my idol: I will bow to thee!
 Sweet flowers I'll bring thee, as the early chime
 Of the gray morning. I will pray old Time
 To wait beside me, while I fondly free
 Each inner thought and feeling of my breast;
 These shall I offer thee upon thy shrine,
 Most happy, if such idle gift as mine
 May win thy favor, and thus make me blest.
 What shall I bring thee else? The thought that fain
 Would prompt a gift of flowers, or fruits, or aught,
 Is the emotion of a true heart, wrought
 To sole devotedness! and when I've lain
 The heart itself before you, I bestow
 Thought, feeling, action — with the flowers, you know.

THE LOGGER'S JOURNEY.

THE immense forests which cover the interior of the State of Maine, extend from within a short distance of her seaboard over the vast tract which stretches from the St. Croix to the head waters of the Kennebec and Saco rivers. From these wilds, an almost inexhaustible supply of valuable white pine timber is obtained by the enterprising inhabitants. This timber is manufactured into boards and other available lumber, in mills occupying the rivers and streams, upon whose waters the logs are floated by the spring freshets, from the swamps in which they were cut the preceding winter. The toils, privations and dangers, attendant upon this mode of life, have given a character of hardihood and enterprise to the lumbermen of Maine, which can alone account for the wealth and intelligence so conspicuous in this part of our country. The following poem commences at a time when the lumbermen are supposed to be starting into the wilderness, on a logging expedition, with their ox teams, implements, and provisions, for a winter's campaign. The time chosen for the journey is after a snow or sleet storm, which usually succeeds a hard frost, at the setting in of the winter season. The woods then are hung with icicles, and the snow beneath forms a smooth, hard crust, upon which they travel with ease and safety. Their departure is chosen at night, that they may have sufficient time to perform the journey by sunset on the following day, the greater part of their way being through an untracked wilderness.

HARK! hark! the north winds call 'Away!'
And swiftly falls the crystal spray,
While lake, nor bog, nor hill give back,
One vestige of the hidden track;
Away! away! o'er the frozen tide;
Away! o'er rock and mountain-side;
Above our heads the pine-tree's bough
With pearls of ice is bending now;
While, pinioned fast beneath our feet,
The broom is bound with silvery sleet.
Press on! press on! the 'north-light's shroud'
Beams o'er our path like Israel's cloud,
And steadily our patient team
Trace through the gloom its phantom gleam:
Afar the ring of springing feet
Is heard in distant forest-beat,*
While cariboo and dun-deer bound
Across our way, with startling sound.

Huzza! Behold the morning break
Around the night, on yonder lake!
Less fearful echoes now our tread,
Less ominous those hemlocks shed
Above our path their curtain'd gloom,
Like Egypt's dark and column'd tomb;
Cheer up! cheer up! the sun's warm ray
Shall pierce our forest-cloud to-day:
All night our cautious course has been
Through springing shafis and arches green,
With more of modesty than Rome
Can boast in her high-altar'd dome,
With more of grace than Greece' fair isles
E'er fashioned in their sculptured piles.
The seasons here conspiring prest,
To form the bower each loved the best;
Pale Spring, upon her mossy bed,
In slumber droops her weary head,
Where soft green cedars o'er her wave,
And murmuring founts her low couch lave.
Then Summer smiles; the budding leaf
Is borne upon her zephyr breath,

* In the northern parts of Maine, the snow falls to such a depth, that it is impossible for the deer to procure their usual food while roaming through the forest; they, therefore, assemble or herd together in the fall, upon some spot where the shrub called ground-hemlock abounds. The deer subsist upon the leaves of this evergreen plant, and are enabled to procure it by treading the snow from around its branches, as often as it falls during the season. This spot is called the deer or moose beat, by the hunters.

And Spring, disturbed by nestling flowers,
 Flies off before the joyous hours.
 Bright Autumn, then, to grace her bower,
 Changes the hue of leaf and flower ;
 Her soft, rich form would scarce be seen
 Clothed with these shades of sullen green ;
 And gaudily she decks her bed
 With crimson leaf, and flowrets red.
 Now Winter comes, wild, boisterous sire !
 He snatched the curtain'd robes, in ire,
 Which Autumn round her bower had hung,
 And to the winds their glories flung.
 He said, 'Unto this bower of mine,
 Give the dark robing of the pine ;
 I'll wreath their boughs with pearls again,
 And bind them with a diamond chain !'

How gloriously these arches pour,
 Their wild, rich flood of grandeur o'er
 The pure unsullied, snow-white wreath,
 Which Winter's hand hath thrown beneath !
 And not a whispering murmur calls
 In echoes through these gorgeous halls,
 To break the soft, low symphony
 Of breathing winds in lofty tree.
 Onward, still onward, we have pressed,
 Mid scenes with solemn beauty dressed ;
 And hard we'll strive to pitch our camp
 This night beneath Ktadin's Lamp.*
 The sun's last lingering rays have shed
 Their glory round the mountain's head,
 And some faint gleams of fleeting day
 Above yon column'd arches play ;
 Where that calm, soft, mysterious light,
 Beams pure and still from yonder height.

Hail, mighty shades ! again we've prest
 Our couch beneath thine awful rest ;
 But no glad voice to thee we bring,
 No welcome greets our wandering ;
 Thy proudest pines are hurled beneath
 The woodman's axe, like falling leaf ;
 We triumph o'er thy dread array,
 And ope thy temples to the day.

Hail to thy power, twice-shadowed Night !
 How awfully thy dreamy flight
 Recalls the spirits of the past,
 With dim forms hov'ring on the blast ;
 While snow-crowned hemlocks darkly wave,
 Like sea-foam o'er the billow's grave :
 Secure beneath this solemn shade,
 To rest our weary beasts are laid ;
 While far above, the tempest-path,
 Is swept with wings of chilling wrath.
 Stern Winter's hand, with fingers cold,
 Hath bound each lake with crystal mould,
 While o'er their heads the spirit-dance
 Of gleaming north-lights wildly glance.
 The moose, swift antlered forest-steed,
 Turns back, amid his rushing speed,
 And dark his eye and lip of foam
 Above our forest watch-fires gleam.

* KTADIN is one of the highest mountains in Maine. It is situated on the head waters of the Penobscot river. On the brow of a precipice, rising some thousands of feet above a lake, at the foot of the mountain, there is huge ledge of mica slate, over which runs a small stream of clear water. This reflects the rays of the sun by day, or the light of the moon by night, with remarkable brilliancy. It can be seen eight or ten miles, and is supposed by the hunters to be some precious stone, of great value. It is called 'Ktadin's Carbuncle Lamp.'

Now, loud above the night-wind's sigh,
Is heard the fox' wild piercing cry;
Then, echoing to the lonely owl,
The wolf peals forth his mournful howl,
While safely in his moss-lined lair,
The snow-wreaths shroud the torpid bear.

Hail! once again, thy temple proud,
O Nature! formed not for the crowd;
How soft these tuneful arches bind
The solemn voices of the wind;
And here, while their low whisperings tell,
Amid our dreams, their soothing spell,
While low, beneath thy columns stern,
Our calm red tent-fires brightly burn,
We hear, wild-muttering o'er our sleep,
The voice of tempest-watchmen deep!
And start, as every shrill-toned blast
Cries out aloft the hour that's past.
Our mighty harvest shields us now,
Fit covering for a freeman's brow;
Peace, awful shades! we will not reap
This solemn grove; still watchful keep
Aloft amid those mantling forms,
The mighty voices of the storms;
While o'er yon stately pine-trees proud,
With plumed heads, breaking yon dark cloud,
The logger's sweeping axe shall sound,
And ringing 'mid their crashing bound,
Shall gather from the column'd spoil,
Rich trophies for our lonely toil,
Till the soft-breathing voice of Spring
Recalls our weary wandering.

THE KUSHOW PROPERTY.

A TALE OF CROW-HILL, LONG-ISLAND: CONCLUDED FROM THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

THE reader took leave of the hero of this sketch, in the last number, just as he was about setting forth to attend the sale, at the Merchants' Exchange, of 'that valuable property, known as the estate of Robert Kushow, Esq., of Crow-Hill, Long-Island.' In order to kill two birds with one stone, he resolved to carry with him a load of hay, which could be readily disposed of, without detaining him. So having 'forked it' on the wagon, and harnessed the mules, he went to the house to take a hasty breakfast. Having no appetite, he merely swallowed a cup of coffee, and took his hat and whip to depart, while his wife brought out a great green bag, drawn together with strong strings, and neatly folded, which she had made at his own request, to bring home the ten per cent. As she delivered it into his hands, however, standing on the threshold, she uttered these mystic words: 'Robin, Robin, don't count your chickens before they're hatched!'

A smile shot over his sharp features, at this token of incredulity. 'Woman,' quoth he, 'I have no patience with you;' and with that, sprang whistling to the side of his mules, which jogged on at a smart pace down the hill. His wife stood leaning over the door, until the descending wagon was out of sight; then drawing in her cap, and breathing a fond wish, she directed her rapid step to the dairy. Many

and anxious were the thoughts that passed through her mind that day, as she sat at the wheel, or toiled at the needle. 'What if Robert *should* succeed in his undertaking!' And when she came to think of it, why might n't he, as well as other folks? Why there were many little things which it was no harm to wish for. She had the laudable ambition of a woman caring not for herself, but for her husband, her children, her cornelian jewels. She would like to send them to the academy at Jamaica, when they got old enough; and for the eldest boy, she had a suspicion, which she had n't so much as breathed to any one, that he was an uncommon child — a genius. With proper culture, he might become a clergyman, a lawyer, or any thing else that he had a mind to turn his hand to. These were pleasant thoughts, springing up spontaneously, and readily finding a place in the mind. But what if Robin should *not* succeed? Ah! that was an idea she did not trust herself to think of. In the cool of the afternoon, a friendly neighbor stepped in, and they talked the matter over, discussing it in all its bearings. It was set down as at least probable, that the place would be sold. 'To be sure,' said the dame, as she adjusted her cap, and thrust her knitting needles into the ball of yarn, when she arose to depart, 'to be sure, we should be very sorry to lose so good a neighbor, though I say it. But I aint so selfish as to hinder other people's prosperity, if I could, and may be you wont go fur, after all. And,' continued she, still holding the latch, and lingering on the threshold, while she took reiterated pinches of snuff, 'your good man is n't one that would begrudge to do a kind thing, if he *was* rich, nor be too proud to speak to a body, as some that I could mention if I choose; but you know who I mean, well enough. Luddi! they do n't impose on *me* with their airs. I know them!' And so saying, with a triumphant toss of the head, and applying her right thumb and forefinger, charged with the best rose-scented Maccaba, to either nostril, and inhaling it violently three times, she departed, swinging her reticule as she went.

As for Robin, when he left home, he wound carefully down the rocky hills, and arrived ere long upon the level turnpike. An incident, however, occurred on the journey, which, if it be considered a small thing, and not worthy of mention, I shall beg pardon for detaining the reader. But it is presumption to call any thing small, which is the result of God and nature. Small causes, it is tritely observed, produce great events, and the most fragile feather will suffice to tickle a corpulent man to death. Small causes have determined a man's whole life and character, whether for good or for evil. They have given rulers, statesmen, and generals to their country, or have inflicted upon it the curse of bad men. They have involved whole nations in protracted wars, or have cemented the most firm alliance. Could grand results be certainly traced to their remoter causes, they would be found to diminish greatly, as a large river dwindles into an insignificant and hardly-to-be-discovered source.

The incident was simply this. In coming down a declivity, the right hand front wheel of the wagon sank to the hubs in a deep 'rut,' occasioned by the late rains. The superincumbent mass of hay leaned, hesitated for a moment in equilibrio, then indicating a preference for the ground, very softly went over. At the same moment,

the mules stopped, and Robin sprang to his feet. 'Guy!' said he, in a tone which seemed hardly to realize the truth, 'I b'lieve I'm upst!' This produced a vexatious delay. His time was precious; he had not yet reached the 'Half-Way House;' and the sun was getting 'pretty well up.' Those who know most about it, will tell you that a load of hay overturned is not to be righted easily, or in a hurry. Ten to one if it can be budged an inch, before the hay be all taken off, and then it must be forked on again. Luckily, in the present instance, some milkmen, who were returning from supplying their morning customers, came by in the nick of time, and were good enough to lend a helping hand, or else two hours would not have repaired the damage. Robin felt some uneasiness at first about this evil omen, but he had somewhere read in an old almanac, that 'such things always go by contraries,' and the thought comforted him not a little. He therefore wished his friends a 'good day,' and jogging cheerfully on, reached the city of Brooklyn at high noon. Having been somewhat detained by this mishap by the way-side, after disposing of the hay, he drove his mules immediately on the boat, and crossed the East River. This was an extravagant procedure, when he might have gone over as well on foot; but the thought of the profit which he was to realize that day, drove from his head all ideas of a sordid economy. 'Ten per cent. down,' said he; 'that will do to begin with;' and the idea tickled him so, that he laughed out, and thrust his hand into his pocket, to see that the bag was safe. Then giving his whip a crack, and shouting out to the mules, he drove at a round rate over the pavement, and guiding the unwieldy wagon with some difficulty through the streets, halted at last in the immediate vicinity of the Merchants' Exchange. His heart beat at the rate of a hundred strokes a minute, as he gazed at that imposing pile. Now then the hour had arrived for which he had so long waited. Here he had reached the place where his destiny was to be decided, where his dream was to be merged in what was real, and the first refreshing drops should fall, which were to precede the golden shower. All of a sudden, his confidence vanished, and a cowardly fear came over him. As the hind trembles on the threshold of royalty, and fears to profane it with his plebeian steps, he durst not enter the place, and began to cast about in his mind what was next to be done. No time was to be lost; he was already late; so, without thinking more about it, he plunged at once into the basement, and began to grope his way through vaults and subterraneous passages, lighted only by a few straggling rays. This part of the Exchange, before that ever-memorable fire, which laid a great part of the city in ashes, was appropriated to the post-office. After wandering several minutes, he knew not where, and stumbling full length over a heap of coals, he arrived at last at a window in the wall, where a great crowd was collected, and one of the clerks, with a green shade over his eyes, was dispensing letters by candle-light. 'Aha!' thought he, 'here they are. This must be the place, and a queer place it is to sell land into. Howsomever, there's a considerable sight of people, and I s'pose that that 'ere man is a-fixin' the pr'liminaries.' Thinking there would be no harm to make inquiry, he edged his way through the crowd, and with as resolute a voice and manner as he

could command, looking up at the clerk, demanded 'if the Kushow property was sold there?' At this question the man stared, eyed him for a few seconds, but not having time to study him out, went on rapidly turning over the package of letters. The crowd which was there, passed out, a fresh crowd pressed in, and he soon found himself jostled out of his former latitude. He put the same question to several others, who went out without regarding him, conning their letters. 'D—n these quality!' said he, 'they are too proud to speak to a poor man. They'll know another story before night comes. See if Bob Kushow don't hold up his head with the best on 'em!' And with that, making up to a woman who sold pea-nuts, by the door, he bought some, and emptying them into his left breeches pocket, until it would hold no more, 'Good woman,' said he, 'will you be so kind as to tell me whereabouts in these quarters the Kushow property is sold?'

'Lord, Sir, I can't tell you; but there is a sight of people up stairs, and a-buying and selling, and a-going, going, going,' and gliding from thence, insensibly, on other topics, she rattled away with great volubility. Bob listened awhile with deference, then, thanking her for the information, emerged into open day.

When he got out, he began staring upward with his mouth wide open, as if he were examining the capitals of the columns, or reading the time of day, upon the dial of the clock; and in this situation came near being knocked down by tumbling against the passengers on the side-walk. At last, mounting the high steps, and inquiring the way as he went, he arrived at that place 'where merchants most do congregate,' and found that a great crowd was indeed collected. 'Here is no mistake,' murmured he to himself; 'who would have thought that the sale of the Kushow property would have caused such a prodigious sensation! No doubt all these quality have come with their pockets full of money, to bid on it. Well, well, let them go a-head; I guess them lots that lays fair on Allegany Avenue will bring their spunk out!'

The room was full of well-dressed men, and as he entered in the midst, he felt that every eye was fixed upon him. He was the hero of the occasion; he had drawn all this crowd together, and no doubt they would immediately notice his presence; as when in a theatre the multitude catch the first shadow of a favorite actor, as he comes upon the stage, and the house greets him with a rapturous applause. This was no time nor place for trembling; and although his knees knocked against each other, he put on a look of the boldest defiance. Luther could not have been struck with greater awe, when he stood up in the Diet of Worms, before that magnificent array of princes and potentates, than did Robert Kushow, Esq., of Crow-Hill, Long-Island, in presence of the august assemblage at the Merchants' Exchange. The figure which he cut was somewhat peculiar, and in striking contrast with those around him. Not that his dress was dirty, or disreputable, but it was in bold defiance of the prevailing fashion. His shirt, though coarse, was scrupulously clean, as his wife could vouch for it, and the collar was so stiffly starched, that it threatened to cut his ears off. He wore a blue coat, bobbed so short as to afford a poor argument *à posteriori*, with great brass buttons

dangling down by their own weight, a cotton 'kerchief twisted about his throat, and a skin-cap of a red, foxy color, fitting close to his crown.

One eye was shut, from having ridden all the morning in the sun, and one corner of his mouth was correspondingly puckered up, and distilled the juice of tobacco. His left hand carried a horse-whip, his right was thrust into his pocket. Thus he bore his points.

To his great vexation, he found the sale had already commenced. This was not only contrary to his expectation, but his express commands. However, to make the best of it, he stretched his legs apart, drew forth a lithographic map, unrolled it carefully, cast his eye over the tempting array of streets, and giving his neighbor a pinch: 'I say, you,' said he, 'jist show me what part of the property they're at now.' In a very short time, he discovered that things were not going on as well as he could wish, which perhaps might be owing to mismanagement, and to not postponing the sale until he arrived. The water-lots were selling at an unaccountable low rate, and there was considerable talking and laughing in the room. Perhaps, however, purchasers were 'holding back,' and prices would 'look up' a little, when the high lands came to be sold. But as the auctioneer proceeded in his business, and prices, instead of becoming better, rather grew worse, he was unable to conceal his uneasiness, and began to vent it in sundry impatient exclamations, to the no small amusement of the by-standers. When at last he saw the choice lots on Allegany Avenue, on which he had placed his reliance, and which 'lay as fair as any thing could in the world,' going at a great 'sacrifice,' he could stand it no longer, but being much agitated, and hardly knowing what he did, cried out, in a nasal twang, to 'stop the proceedin's!' At this sudden and peremptory order, the auctioneer held his arm suspended in air, the crowd looked to see where the sound came from, and being struck with a full sense of the ridiculous, roared out a-laughing. At that moment, Robin would have given any thing to have been back safe and sound at Crow-Hill. The big drops of perspiration rolled down his cheeks like rain. He was 'all alone,' with nobody to advise him, and quailing beneath the glance of the crowd, concentrated upon him in one terrible focus, thought it best to sound a precipitate retreat. 'Oh, oh, oh!' murmured he, dejectedly moving from the place, 'what luck! what luck!'

Misfortunes are sociable in their nature, and are seldom known to come alone. Now it happened a few minutes before this, that two young bucks, seeing just how the matter stood, and not mistrusting that they were about to do a generous act, such a luxury is it to enhance the troubles of our neighbors, escaped unnoticed from the crowd, hastened to the team, untied the halters, and fetching one of the mules a devil of a kick, set them both a running down the street, with the long rickety wagon clattering behind them. Just at this moment, Bob came down the steps of the Exchange, and approaching the place where his beasts had been, was mechanically stretching forth his arm to unloose them, when he perceived that they were gone! 'Dang it!' shouted he, in a voice of mingled surprise and anger, and for a few seconds gaped about him as one bewildered,

not knowing what to do, or which way to turn, when suddenly catching a glimpse of the mules, he ran after them, crying, 'Who-a, who-a, who-a! I say, there, stop them critters! Holloa! Who-a, who-a, who — wh —!' And in this way he bawled himself hoarse. But the perverse beasts, amid the din of the city, either heard not the familiar voice of the master, or hearing, did not choose to obey it, but went scampering and galloping over the pavement, now on this side of the street, and now on that, through omnibuses, carts, and empty boxes, never abating one jot of their speed, until they reached the Brooklyn ferry. There the ferry-master, who knew them 'by sight,' had them taken care of, entertaining the most serious apprehensions for the owner. As for Robert Kushow, he paused, out of breath, and in a rage. 'If you wont who — a,' said he, gnashing his teeth, 'then g — o!' And here he let slip an imprecation, and ripping off his skin-cap, dashed it on the pavement, and stamped on it. The clerks and shopmen, who stood on their thresholds, enjoying this unseemly exhibition of rustic anger, and putting their fingers to their noses, and winking with their eyes, gave a significant, vulgar sort of a twitch. The pedestrians stood still and laughed; the passers-by in carriages, smiled for a moment, but the boys and 'loafers' dogged his heels, pulled at his skirts, and goaded him to madness with their insults. He arrived at the ferry in a state of mind not much to be envied, and hardly to be imagined.

And now his chief desire was to get back to Crow-Hill unnoticed, not feeling in a humor either to ask or answer questions; but as the devil would have it, the boat had that minute left the wharf; so having a little time to spare, he took the butt-end of his whip and belabored the mules most soundly. This was quite a relief to him, and mounting the wagon after it, he sat snapping his whip, and cracking pea-nuts, with a considerable show of resignation. It was not long before his friends and neighbors, and the thick-waisted dames of Fly-Market, got wind of his arrival, and leaving their wicker-baskets, flocked about him, asking a thousand questions, and anxious to know how the Kushow property had sold.

'How did it sell?' said they.

'It did n't sell at all,' said he.

'Ay, ay, didn't we tell you so, and does n't all this come from making a fool of yourself?' said they.

'It looks likely,' replied he.

'I was a-feared your neck was broke,' remarked the ferryman; 'but how those beasts of yours got here without going to dead ruin, is more than I can tell you.'

'Well, I can't tell you, nother. They are knowin' critturs. I never know'd them to run away afore, and I guess they wont again in a hurry.'

Presently the boat rounded in sight; ding-dong, ding-dong, went the bell; the carriages rumbled off, and he drove his unwieldy vehicle aboard, very glad to be delivered from his friends, and breathing more freely when he got out of the city.

Where now were those bright thoughts and glowing fancies, which animated his soul, and made his very whip to crack for joy? Gone, utterly vanished, like too many luxuriant hopes of the morning,

which are blighted and dead, at noon. The waves which rolled beneath him, were an emblem of his ruffled mind. He thrust his hand in his pocket, and unable to endure the bitter sarcasm of the bag, with a nervous jerk of the arm, tossed it into the river.

When he got on Long-Island, and was fairly proceeding on his homeward journey, his anger boiled over. Deep and bitter were the imprecations which he heaped on the imaginary causes of his failure. He called them no better than thieves and robbers. It was all because he was a poor man; it was the jealousy of the rich against the poor, and a settled scheme to ruin his fortunes. He went growling and grumbling along, and from the 'vast deep' of his indignation, conjured up the spirits of outrage and wrong. He relieved himself by again beating his mules. A man who continues in an angry humor, often renders himself ridiculous, by transferring the energy of his violence from its primal cause, upon petty vexations, not sufficient in themselves to have produced it. To go into a great passion, without some present object to vent it upon, or without an ostensible cause, he cannot, with any pretext or show of reason; if, however, the cause be of so flimsy a texture as to be scarce apparent, while visiting his wrath on the innocent, he draws equal laughter or contempt upon himself, by what appears a senseless and bombastic passion. If you would respect yourself, respect or be respected by others, remember, in the most perplexing straits, to keep your proper temper.

It added very much to his nervous irritability, that he fell in with nearly every man, woman, and child, with whom he was acquainted. They met him, and they overtook him; they came out of taverns, and they confronted him at sudden turns of the road, for all the country knew that the Kushow property was to be sold. He saw, or fancied that he saw, their countenances beaming with sardonic smiles. The man who is conscious within himself of folly, sees every where the reflection of his inward reproach. The inarticulate voices of nature are interpreted into reproof. On board the boat, the rapid plunge of the piston seemed to utter, in the plainest irony, 'Ten per cent! ten per cent! ten per cent!' and now, the very cat-birds on the hedges made game of him; and a little wren, 'in shape no bigger' than a nutmeg, popped on a branch immediately over his head, doubling, and redoubling, and trilling into his very ear. 'Bob-b-b, pret-t-t! prop-r-t-t-t!' 'Take that!' said he, and shattered the branch with his whip; but while the leaves and feathers were flying in all directions, the little dusky bird dropped on another branch, shook his tiny wings, and persevered in the same provoking strain: 'Pret-t-t-t prop-r-t-t-t!'

When a person returns from disgrace by the same road that he went, every step that he takes, occasions by its associations a humiliating contrast of the feelings. When Robin arrived at the 'rut' where he had been so vexatiously overturned and detained in the morning, he could not help soliloquizing with himself, and thought how much better it would have been for him, had his wagon been broken all to smash, and he permitted to advance no farther on his journey. He had however learned a lesson, which, like every valuable one, is bought with pain. At last the sun sank down behind

the Back-Bone range upon his left, the shades of twilight were falling, and the cool breath of evening fanned his brow. He took off his hat, drew out of it his handkerchief, and wiped the perspiration from his face; then halting, and alighting where a pure spring gushed from the hill side, bent on his hands and knees, and took a long draught. He permitted the mules to do the same, and then jogged slowly on. His temper was wonderfully cooled down; he began to reason philosophically on his adventure, and to look at it in a variety of lights. He was approaching Crow-Hill, and his little illuminated dwelling appeared in sight. He approached it as a welcome harbor, after the agitation of the day; for however much the world might jeer at him, in the bosom of his family he was sure to meet with affection and respect. Happy man! that he still possessed a home, when he had so nearly bartered it for money. His views were essentially changed. He thanked his stars that his project had not succeeded, and thought that if Crow-Hill were offered to him in one hand, and ten thousand dollars in the other, he would decidedly take the Hill. If money were to produce the same effect on him that it had on others, he guessed it was better to be without it. He should be sorry to exchange conditions with his former neighbor, Hans Carvel, who sold his place and became rich, and what was the consequence? He did nothing but smoke his pipe, in perpetual idleness, and trouble his industrious neighbors. He neither wrought himself, nor permitted any one else to work, if he could help it. Dick Van Bokkelen, was far from contented since the sale of his land. There was Ralph Sicklen, whom he had known ever since he was a boy. He bought a lottery ticket, 'drawed' the highest prize, and he was rich. What was the result? He became crazed. The change was too much for him, and he could n't stand it. His senses were always 'scary,' and then they flew away for ever. Trustees took care of the money, he himself was held in durance, and thus lost both the capacity and power to enjoy what he had paid for with his reason. There was old Col. —, who was induced by the speculators to sell his estate. But it won't do for the silver-haired man to put his patrimony from him. It is clasped by too many tendrils to his heart, and in a little season he is sure to die. You might as well tear up the old oak, which bears its honors so nobly, and expect its roots and bleeding fibres to adhere to foreign earth. But it never lifts up its head any more.

With such arguments Robin consoled himself, and found them very satisfactory to his own mind. But what sort of a story should he make to his wife? How should he account for it, that every thing had gone wrong? This perplexed him. Alas! how hard it is for a man to confess that he is ashamed of himself! It was a 'smart spell' after dark when he reached the top of the hill, and was just driving his team through the gate, when an enormous bull-frog rushed into the pond, and literally vociferated, in the most prodigious voice, 'B-o-b K—show!' 'Ha, ha! you may well say 'Bob Kushow,' said he, desperately laughing, and wheeling into the cow-yard. At the same moment, the door of his dwelling opened, and the well-known figure of his wife appeared. 'Robin,' cried she, 'is that you? Your tea is a-waitin.'

'Ay, ay,' answered Bob, rather hesitatingly.

He could not bear to enter the house. He had his creatures to feed and take care of, and to provide with beds for the night; and he staid so long about it, dogging among their heels with a lantern, that his good woman, who began to feel anxious, was on the point of going out to see 'what kept him,' when he entered. All things were prepared for his arrival. The children were put to bed, the tea-kettle was simmering and 'whistling like a Canary bird,' on the fire, and the table neatly spread for the evening meal. The wife sat with a countenance of anxious expectation, to hear the result. 'Well, Robin,' said she, with a faint smile, and looking at him, as he sat himself down, with rueful sighing, 'what luck?'

He answered not a word. She was on the point of repeating the question, when suddenly starting from her seat, she came close to him, eyeing him all the time as if through spectacles, and turning him violently around by the shoulders, screamed out in a voice of the greatest surprise, 'Bless my soul, Robin! — where is t'other half of your coat-tail?'

'Coat-tail?' replied he, stammering, and twisting his neck around, as if he half understood the allusion, 'wh — where's any coat-tail?'

'Ay, ay, sure enough, where's any coat-tail? — but make haste and let me know all about this visit to York, I beg of you.'

At first he 'hemmed and hawed' a good deal, not knowing exactly how to unburthen himself of his message; but presently plucking up courage, with a straight-forward honesty, he told 'just how it was.' And what think you, did his wife say? Did she upbraid him, as many would have done, for his failure, or did she go into hysterics? By no means. She did all she could to soothe his disappointment. Oh! she was a jewel of a woman! 'Ah! Robin, Robin!' said she, 'I was a-feared nothing good would come of getting rich all to-once. But never mind, never mind; do n't let us repine at the ways of Providence. It's all for the best, and so let's make the best of it. It's true that our land is n't ploughed, and our seed is n't planted, and it's too late now. Times and seasons wait for nobody. We have not sowed in spring time, we cannot reap in harvest, and we shall never be much the richer for *spekellation*. But let us learn a lesson which shall be of more value than this year's crop; never to leave what is sure, for the most tempting uncertainty. For the present, we must live along as we can, and I will work my fingers to the bone, but the children sha' n't want for bread.'

At this truly christian speech, Bob felt his heart melt within him, and he thought that all the treasures earth could give, were small when weighed in the balance with such a woman. He was truly happy, and his head, which had been so much turned of late, of a sudden got right again. That night he went to bed, and slept soundly, and the next morning was up with the lark, whistling about the farm, and endeavoring by industry to make up for past neglect. Crow-Hill soon recovered what it had lost, and the next season, Allegany Avenue bore the best corn in the neighborhood. As his children grew up, they were sent to the district school, and he was enabled to place the eldest boy at the academy at Jamaica. There he made a very respectable progress in his studies, and although he neither

turned out a clergyman nor a lawyer, prepared himself to be a very useful member of society. The wife's heart was contented. As for Robin, he toiled constantly, and nothing troubled him, except an occasional touch of the fever-and-ague. He frequently carried his crops to the city, but he never, never paid another visit to the Merchants' Exchange.

INVOCATION: A SOUTHERN PICTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ATALANTIS.'

Come, Chevillette, my own love, come with me,
 No idle pomp, no bustling world, I seek;
 Enough, if in the shadow of the tree,
 I watch thy glittering eye and glowing cheek.

Enough, if in thy gentle heart and eye,
 Mine own may find a warm, responsive flame;
 Enough, if in thy murmur and thy sigh,
 Breathed out from love's own lips, I hear my name.

Thy hand in mine, thy spirit watchful still,
 Of what mine own hath spoken, and thy heart
 Fill'd with that hope which love can best fulfil,
 We feel how sweet to meet, how sad to part.

Come, be a dweller in this quiet grove,
 And teach the wild vine how to gather round,
 While, with thy lips still breathing songs of love,
 To the deep woods thou lend'st a genial sound.

Things gentle shall be won to gather near,
 Solicitors of all the sweets thou bring'st,
 And the young mock-bird, bending down his ear,
 Shall emulous listen whensoever thou sing'st.

Toward eve, the frisking rabbit 'neath thine eyes,
 Shall overlay the grass plat near our cot;
 The squirrel, as from tree to tree he flies,
 Flung the dismember'd branches o'er the spot.

Thy gentle nature, winning as their own,
 Theirs all unwronging, shall a favorite be;
 And they will gather round thy forest throne,
 And own thy sway, and love thy chains, like me.

Come, be a dweller in this quiet grove,
 Sweet Heart! and with thy spirit true as fine,
 Attune the sleeping chords of life to love,
 Till the high harmonies shall kindle thine.

Shut out the world's coarse discords, till no more
 The heart shall hear of violence or grief,
 And heaven, in mercy to our lot, restore
 The bloom of Eden, blissful, but how brief!

NOTES BY A RETIRED SCHOLAR.

Memini bene; sed meliori
 Tempore dicam.—HORACE.
 Quod cumque inciderit in mentem.—TERENCE,

PATRIOTISM.

IS PATRIOTISM a mere name? A vague notion, which the smart of oppression alone makes a reality? Was Leonidas, who died for it, an enthusiast? Is our admiration of Roman virtue a dream? A simple-hearted man, who, from a limited experience, looks out upon the intrigues of politicians, their pliancy, their low fellowships, their self-contradictions, their falsehoods, might well doubt. Yet the love of our country hath reason in it; it belongs to humanity, and cannot be severed from it. It has a virtue too. It warms the blood, strengthens our best purposes, adds to our sense of personal dignity. Our country is our larger home. Our fellow citizens are our kinsfolk. Our words are the same — is not our heart one? Therefore, we *love* our country. But to love deeply, the heart craves always somewhat outward and visible, to which it may attach itself, and which shall become to it a symbol of the idea it loves. The oak which shaded our boyhood, the fountain which moistened our parched lips, when the day's sport had wearied us, as they are abiding memorials of our home, will not suffer our love of that home to perish or decay. Our country gives us few memorials of itself, and has no visible form. Our constitution is that oak, not 'gnarled,' but 'unwedgeable.' That fountain of plenteous prosperity is our union, from which we drink, all of us. But it requires an effort to regard them so, and men seldom love abstractions; and the wise may well fear, lest, in a country so vast as ours, and under a government so simple in its forms, a short-sighted selfishness may finally come to govern the mass of our people, and a worse and meaner selfishness its more active spirits.

In the more heroic exhibitions of patriotism, there has always been another element than love. It may be called the element of wrath. Grounded on a sense of right, when that right is invaded, it becomes indignation; when trampled on, fierce resistance. This it is which brings life into peril. He who in quiet times shows his love for his country, by industry, and good faith, and orderly obedience to her laws, when her hour of trouble comes, and her name may be dishonored, or her freedom circumscribed, shall stain his hearth-stone with his blood for her sake. We have been led to these thoughts, if they are worthy of the name, by reading again the 'Leyer und Schwert' of Theodore Körner. The source of his inspiration was an ardent patriotism. The feeling lived in him. It was his life. He possessed it in all its elements, of personal interest and hope, of fond attachment to the land of his fathers, reverence for its time-honored institutions, jealousy for its fame, sympathy for the suffering, and a righteous hatred of the invader. Originally of a poetic temperament, endowed with a fine fancy and meditative enthusiasm, this passion furnished

an object, and gave a direction, to them all. If he gazes on a bust by Rauch, of Queen Louise, he is alive to its beauty, but stronger is the sentiment which prompts the earnest prayer to her, to be '*ein guter engel für die gute sache*,' a guardian angel to the righteous cause. A forest of oaks reminds him of only his country, in their grandeur and in their decay; and solemnly sad, even, is the closing line of his brief poem, '*Die Eichen*:' 'Thy oaks yet stand, but thou art fallen.' Whatever is the theme of his song, the current of his feelings ever leads to the sorrows, hopes, and revenge of his country. If a prayer, it is addressed to the god of battles; if a drinking song, it is for his brethren in arms. His poems, thus inspired, move us like the neighing of a war-horse. They rouse the blood, like the voice of a trumpet. Let the patriot soldier, who would find a generous companionship for his own noble devotion, or, if such there be, who would rekindle the expiring flame of a true and heroic love of his country, with the war songs of Tyrtæus, and the Bannockburn of Burns, become daily familiar with the bright inspirations of Körner.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Most writers on the internal evidence of the Christian Religion, have drawn their arguments from the pureness of its morality, and its peculiar fitness to the circumstances and necessities of man. These sources of evidence, as they have been skilfully explored, have been also wisely chosen. For in morals, whatever doctrine is pure, is so far forth true; and that which is a fitting and exact counterpart to what, in our experience, we have known to *be*, has the evidence of truth and reality in that very similitude. Yet other views may be taken, which may open some minds to a clearer conviction, and add somewhat to this vast argument.

It may be said, that the Christian Scriptures alone contain a system of morals, which is true of an absolute truth, in its fundamental principle. Here, most of all, the wit of man is at fault. Here is the jarring point, the beginning of discrepancies, which have made fools laugh, and wise men weep, and have taught all an unwise and perilous distrust of human reason. Moralists have erred in the starting point, and their labor has been often vain, and often has it led them into wild wastes and quick-sands. Utility is not the sole ground of obligation, nor the sole virtuous quality of actions. Sympathy is not the source of all our moral sentiments, and is at best a questionable guide. *Naturam sequere*, needs a wiser interpreter than most men are, and if it be a sound rule, it is difficult to be applied. Now the excellence of a theory of morals, considered as a theory, is, that the elementary *idea* be, if it may be, absolutely and universally true, or as nearly as the nature of the case will admit, an axiom. But in the whole range of moral ideas and obligations, there is no one which carries with it so ample a conviction of its truth and reality, as that the love of God is the primary duty of all moral creatures. There is no proposition in morals from which this duty can be deduced, which does not need demonstration as much, or more than it; there is none therefore more elementary. Moreover, all other duties appropriately moral (as distinguished from such as are merely natural, as compassion,)

are consequences, or rather exemplifications, of this. State it, let the terms be made intelligible, and be the will ever so perverse, be the heart most thoroughly polluted, no moral being can withhold his assent to its justness and binding force. It is self-evident. The Bible is the only treatise on morals, in which this principle is made the centre, is assumed as the indemonstrable, from which all other duties are to flow. As a matter of mere logical arrangement, then, and much more, it might be shown, of moral efficiency, the Christian system approaches nearer the perfect than any other. Nay, it is the very ideal. None more perfect is conceivable or possible. The pure ideal is pure truth. In a similar manner, it may be shown, that the system of the universe revealed in the Bible, the theory of cause and effect, is the most perfect. The being of a God is assumed as axiomatic; an elementary truth, into which, as a first principle, all effects are to be resolved. In truth, the order in which we acquire ideas, is the reverse of their true logical order; first the particular, then the general; first, the finite — after, the infinite. The particular does not contain or infer the universal; it is merely the token or exponent of it, pointing out to our minds that, which once perceived, shines by the clearness of its own truth. We attain the knowledge of a God, our conviction of his being as the great cause, by our previous knowledge of effects, especially of our own spirits, his most mysterious creation. When once we have apprehended this idea, it becomes to us an absolute truth, as necessary as that of space, or any other. It is not then so properly a demonstrable, as an elementary truth, involved indeed in every proposition, at least in every one which expresses a fact, and imparting to them all their meaning and force, while it derives neither from them. The teachings of the Scriptures in this, coincide with the conclusions of the highest reason, and partake of their absolute verity.

Yet, after all that can be said in the way of reasoning, it must never be forgotten, that a truly effective belief of the Christian religion, is an essentially moral conviction, inwrought upon the soul by its own spiritual experience. He has not yet overstepped the threshold of the temple of heavenly science, who has still to learn, that spiritual truth must be 'spiritually discerned;' that the heart, no less than the head, hath its eye; that not only to appropriate, but to understand it, even, we must first love. The moral affections are doubtless subject to their own law, yet within its scope, they are free as the roving and chainless air; and so this faith must be spontaneous and chosen, for it is of the heart. Though it often arises in every heart, it does not force itself upon any. The great law of duty, unchanging and spiritual, ever above us, and ever binding upon us, follows us with its unevadable claim, through every modification of our being, like the flaming sword which 'turned every way,' guarding the entrance to Paradise; yet we may close our eyes upon its intolerable brightness, and turn away from it to the dreariness of our own chosen circuit. A flash from that light may sometimes reach us in our sad wanderings, but, without our own will, it shall not restore us. Still, let not the searcher after divine truth imagine that this faith, though it be a moral election, can be created by a mere will. Often it groweth upon us like the morning light, so dim and feeble in its early coming, that the sense

hardly takes notice of its approach, or wonders whence and wherefore it comes at all; more and more it swells, and stretches itself abroad, and gilds every mountain top, and passes down into the deep sunken valleys, till, flung back from every radiant point, rock and river, lake and leaf, it gains an intenser radiance from its very reflection. It is an unfolding apprehension of the eternal and eternally diverging discordancy of holiness and sin, a sense of personal sinfulness, growing up to the full pressure of law upon the heart. With this comes the full need of a religion, not originating in the sentiments, or fashioned after the models of this world, bringing principles simpler and purer, and hopes higher and holier. When the awakened soul gives itself up, in perfect trust in the revelations of its own consciousness, to the contemplation of hopes and principles thus disclosed, and rests in the rule and model testified to by its inner and higher being, and knows that to realize them is not of its own might, but from above, the discipline is begun; the region of fire that far around encircles the eternal throne, is entered. The law hath entered the soul, and though the law is the minister of death, it is a death which precedes life. Then, when the soul ungirds itself of its own strength, and finds a power descending to meet its aspirations, and breathing strength upon them, is given an appreciation of the surpassing worth and beauty of holiness, and a sense of sin hated and loathed, which are the first buddings of spiritual and eternal life, and hope reaches upward, and faith becomes consummate, resting peacefully on the divine word, and goes on to its perfect work.

THE first lesson of a true philosophy, is to distinguish things which differ; its perpetual method and end is, to ascertain the harmony of these differences, or that in which they converge, and which constitute the system to their variety; its highest attainment the toil at once and the delight of our immortality, shall be the perception of that unity in which all things originate, which pervades them all, and gives them being, and makes them truth.

FRIENDSHIP AND INGRATITUDE.

AN ALLEGORY.

INGRATITUDE, by Friendship's fostering hands
Planted and reared, her shadowy boughs expands,
But boughs with blossoms clustered, not with fruits;
And as to heaven her head aspiring shoots,
To Tartarus nearer still descend her grovelling roots.

But lo the storm! its fury Friendship shuns,
And to the towering trunk she fostered, runs:
That treacherous tree her very height applies
To lure the livid lightning from the skies,
And lifeless at her foot the hand that rear'd her lies!

THE ROSE I GAVE HER.

THEIR sheltering branches the forest-trees threw
O'er the spot in the wild where the sweet-briar grew ;
And its loneliness added a grace to its form,
As it waved in the zephyr, or bent in the storm.

The last of its roses still hung on its breast,
Like a hue of the evening that hangs in the west :
Through the gloom of the forest, it came to the sight,
As through gathering storm-clouds an opening of light.

I had seen it in sunshine and sought it in shade,
And had loved it in gems by the rain-drops array'd ;
I gather'd the rose ere the rain-drop was dried,
For a place in her bosom who stood at my side.

I mark'd, as I gave it, the drop in its bell,
Like a tear of regret at it's severing, fell :
Oh ! well might it weep, for too soon it was thrown,
Where it perish'd neglected, forgotten, alone !

I would I had left it to hang where it grew,
To smile with the sunlight, to weep with the dew ;
For I then might have thought, that, if given, 't would be
Still kept in her bosom, a token of me !

DEFENCE OF OLD WOMEN.

BY AN OLD MAN.

I CAN be silent no longer. Old as I am, I have a little gallantry left ; and that little has for sometime been tingling from my fingers' ends into the point of my pen, urging me to take it up in defence of a much-abused portion of the community.

Let me, in the first place, take a short view of the estimation in which the fair sex generally is held in the United States. For twenty years, this subject has occupied more or less of my attention. I have read, and observed, and anxiously watched for that sure token of high civilization, and intellectual advancement, which places woman on an equality with man, in the scale of rational beings, as his companion and friend. I speak not of *political equality*, or those 'rights of women,' which are not so readily explained as their duties ; I have been watching, I say, for these blessed signs ; and in place of them, I see a vast deal of empty gallantry, upon which, as a nation, we begin rather to pride ourselves. It certainly is a fine trait of national character, the politeness that marks our public treatment of women ; but it loses half its beauty, and many of its beneficial consequences, when divested of that sincere and respectful regard, which exalts the character of both sexes, and gives an indescribable and lasting charm to their intercourse. Notwithstanding the insidious flattery and weak indulgence, lavished on the softer sex in this country, in a style truly American, it is only too evident that this heart-felt defe-

rence is wanting; in proof of which, it is but necessary to mention the frequent sarcasms, and unjust innuendoes, thrown out in print against *old women*. What have the poor souls done to merit these attacks? — against which, if we believe the aspersions of their enemies, the ‘diluted state of their intellects’ incapacitates them from defending themselves. What, I say, have old women done, that their faults and foibles must be held up to public contempt, while those of the sterner sex are smoothed over with a tender hand, or smuggled away out of sight? Witness the following words in an otherwise good article in a late KNICKERBOCKER: ‘We shall utter no ridicule even upon the faults of the old man. He is sacred to us. Not so of old women.’ (Why not?) And again. ‘Old men *never* (?) meddle with the business of others; old women rarely do any thing else (!)’ I may add, in the author’s own words, ‘I protest against this seriously,’ and wish sincerely that all those who concur in such assertions, could be made acquainted with half that my old woman does for me, and for a family circle of ‘children, and children’s children,’ who look up to her with an affectionate reverence, almost amounting to veneration. For her sake, I would ‘utter no ridicule even upon the faults’ of old women. They are ‘sacred to me.’ Nor can I think that mine is the only family circle in which an aged female relative is regarded as a blessing and a stay. What though the unlovely attributes of age have usurped the place of beauty? Let us remember that the old woman once possessed the attractions which in the days of our youth are our souls’ delight. Ah! let us not forget her devoted love; her tenderness, all unmindful of self, lavished on her offspring, when ‘a young and nursing mother, whose blood is nectar!’ These, her days of delight, are over; her ‘youth, and love, and tender joys, are gone!’ But oh! let us compassionate her infirmities, and ‘utter no ridicule’ even upon her failings!

I had proceeded thus far, and was growing rather sentimental in my defence, when I was interrupted by a kind, familiar voice, at the head of the stairs, calling my name. It startled me, for it was late, and I thought all were sleeping but myself. Then there was a shuffling step heard, descending the stairs, and presently in glided my good old wife, in her night gear, over which she had gathered a loose morning gown, and a large angola shawl, for age is wintry, and the cool breezes with which Summer takes his leave, carry chills through our frames, let our hearts be ever so warm.

‘Are you still writing?’ said my wife, pausing in the door-way, ‘I have been asleep, and when I awoke, and still missed you, I feared something was the matter; but all’s right, I see, so I won’t disturb you.’ (This was ‘meddling with the business of others,’ I suppose!) I detained her, however, and taking her hand, (can I forget how soft, and warm it was when first I pressed it?) ‘Kate,’ said I, ‘can you guess what I am writing about?’

‘My dear Geoffrey,’ said she, very gravely, ‘I hope you are not writing your will. You are not thinking of going without me?’

‘As the Lord pleaseth, my dear,’ said I, ‘but you have not hit upon my subject this time. I am writing a ‘Defence of Old Women.’ For thy sake, my kind partner, will I endeavor to be their champion.’

‘Now I know what you are about,’ she said; ‘answering some of

those remarks which have displeased you so much ; but I fear your defence will find less ready readers than the abuse of old women ; for we have not many friends, and it is partly our own fault. We grow crabbed, sometimes, and selfish, and meddlesome, as we grow old, and display the wilful tempers of children, without their innocence and beauty ; and so the men seem to think we are fair marks for ridicule.'

'The men think very wrong then,' cried I, 'being liable, in their own old age, to like infirmities of temper, which they display with no better grace, and with infinitely more power to annoy. Therein lies the gross injustice of making old women peculiarly the objects of censure, instead of allowing them the same claims to respectful forbearance which are granted to old men.'

'You cannot expect justice from the world,' said my wife ; 'and as for these ill-natured sarcasms on old women, believe me, they are not half so injurious to us as the flattery and foolish homage we meet with, in our earlier days. These indeed sadly unfit us for future plain dealing, and contribute toward making us, what we too frequently are, frivolous and vain. If men would treat us like rational beings, encourage us to think, and to reason, as they do, while we are young, perhaps they would find us less troublesome companions in our old age.'

G. G.

THE FOUNTAIN.

THERE is a quiet glen, through whose deep shade
The sunlight faintly quivers. There the boughs,
Fragrant with bloom, seem pictured in the air,
So silently they slumber, while beneath,
For ever bubbling in the shadow cool,
Runs a transparent fountain. Round its brim
The wild flowers gather, and the woodland birds,
Which make the air so musical with song,
Pause in their love chants, and secure from harm,
Here stoop to drink. The water is like crystal,
And from its glassy surface mirrors back
The bending dome of the blue heaven above,
As if there were another heaven below.

Here do I often come, at close of day,
To renovate my spirit, and imbibe
From its deep calm, thoughts of tranquillity ;
The turmoil of the world is here unknown,
And the sharp sorrows that afflict mankind
Do seldom enter here, for here is peace.
And should my heart with heaviness be bowed,
Or my fond hopes be blighted, I will come
To this lone spot, that I may gather strength,
And with a Christian confidence bow down
To the great God who made me.

Like this scene,
So full of quiet beauty, may my soul
E'er keep a calm and pure serenity ;
And as this silver fountain bubbles up,
And speeds in love upon its joyous way,
Diffusing life and freshness, so may I,
Forever true to the All-perfect will,
Shed forth rich blessings on my daily path,
In silent love and meek beneficence.

August, 1838.

VOL. XII.

EASTERN LANDS.

A TALE OF YESTERDAY: BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE OLD TOWN PUMP.'

THERE are certain people in this world, who, let the wind blow whichsoever way it may, are for ever grumbling. With this class, every thing goes wrong. Grateful for nothing, the more that is done for them, the more is expected. Half-suppressed mutterings, if the bounty falls in the least short of their expectations, constitutes their staple of repayment. Of this class was BOB MORRIS, a native of Blueville, Rhode-Island. Bob was a tanner by trade, and could, if he had chosen, have amassed a good property, by a steady application to business. But his ambition was of quite another sort. He wanted money, it is true, but his aspiration was, that it might come suddenly, and in one bulk. This he was well assured would one day happen; his mother, before her death, having dreamed, three nights running, that her son Bob would, before many years, ride in his carriage, the possessor of an immense fortune. To sum up all, Bob was idle, and envious of his neighbors' prosperity, little thinking that if he had spent the many years at his trade which he had lost in growling and grumbling, under the portico of the tavern, he might have been as well off as any around him, and have stood a good chance of belonging to the honorable body of the select-men of Blueville.

One bitter cold night, in December, 183—, Bob was seated over a scanty fire, in his miserable shanty, which a humane landlord had permitted him to occupy, rent free. The winds whistled through the wide cracks in the sides of the hovel, and its inmate sat shivering with the cold, his thoughts, as usual, reverting to his own hard fate. 'Ugh! how cold it is!' muttered Bob, his teeth chattering; 'I shan't sleep a wink to-night. 'Tis confounded strange, that some folks are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and others with chains and padlocks on their ankles. There is farmer Hodgson, while ploughing last week, to turn the frost out of the ground, stumbled upon a coal mine. *His* fortune's cut and dried for him, without his saying 'boo!' And here am I, as good a man as my neighbors, no better off in the world, at thirty years of age, than I was when I started. Ugh! how very cold! The cracks in this hut are so wide, that the wind plays 'hide-and-seek' through 'em, and no danger of being caught. Landlords are dreadful close with their purses, now-a-days. To be sure, I don't pay him any rent, but then I think the least he could do, would be to make the house comfortable, and keep it in repair. It's *infernal* cold! If the old woman's prophecy do n't turn up soon, I shall stand but little chance of being able to enjoy it. Money I must have; how can I get it? I'll go out upon the highway, and rob some one! No, I won't do that, neither; I might possibly swing for it, which would 'make it bad.' No, I'll ——'

Here the cogitations of our hero were interrupted by a loud double-rap against the board which served the purpose of a door.

'Knock away!' continued Bob, in the same muttering tone, but

without stirring an inch ; ' some traveller, I suppose, who wants a direction to the tavern. Let him find it himself ; I won't be his drudge ! '

Again and again was the knocking repeated, until the ' outside barbarian,' despairing of obtaining permission by peaceable means, gave the door, or rather the board, a furious kick, which burst it in.

' Hallo ! ' exclaimed the intruder, a tall, stout man, wrapped to the throat in a shaggy Tom-and-Jerry, as his eye rested upon Bob, sitting quite composedly before the fire-place.

' Hallo, yourself ! ' replied Bob, scanning him with no welcome glance.

' Why the devil did n't you open the door ? ' said the new-comer.

' Because I did n't choose to. What's your business here ? '

' Precious little to do with you,' was the reply. ' Look you here, I want to sleep here to-night, and am willing to pay you for it. If you like it, well and good ; if not, you can do the other thing ; for over that step I do n't budge *this* night. That's all.'

So saying, the stranger pushed Bob out of his seat, and slipping into it himself, began very deliberately to poke the dying embers of the fire. Bob instantly determined to eject him by force from his premises, but a second look at his size and muscle, convinced him that he might come off second best in such an attempt. Swallowing his wrath, therefore, he growled a reluctant welcome.

' What's your name ? ' asked Bob.

' You may call me Joe Jenkins, if you choose ; if not, you may let it alone,' was the reply.

' I say,' continued the stranger, after a pause of a few minutes, during which time he had been vainly endeavoring to make a blaze from the scanty coals, ' what have you got to drink ? '

' Plenty of water in the spring,' answered Morris.

' Oh, there is, is there ? ' said Jenkins, with the air of a man to whom an important fact had just been disclosed. ' There's half a dollar ; let's have some brandy, 'mazing sudden.'

Quick as thought, Bob clutched the piece of silver, as if he feared his guest might change his mind ; and in an incredibly short space of time, he marched into the bar-room of the ' Red Lion.'

' I want a quart of brandy,' said he, raising his head as high as any in the room.

' I dare say,' replied Boniface, with a wink to a group of such ' loafers' as are always to be found in the bar-room of a tavern ; ' I never knew the day you didn't. But who's to *pay* for it, Bob ? '

' I am, to be sure,' replied he, ' planking' the half dollar.

' Hallo ! ' exclaimed Boniface, with the utmost surprise, ' where did you raise that ? I'm afraid you did n't come honestly by that money, Bob.'

' Very well, if you won't let me have the liquor, I'll go somewhere else.'

' Oh, no, no ! ' said the landlord ; ' your money is good, Mr. Morris. Who says I ever turned a customer away ? '

Bob pocketed his change, without a word of comment, and taking his jug, turned his face toward home. Great was his consternation, upon entering his hovel, at finding his visitor upon the point of splitting up the only table he owned in the world.

'Hallo here!' cried he, setting down the vessel, and catching hold of one leg of the table, 'what the devil are you about?'

'Don't you see?' answered Jenkins, wrenching off the top; 'I'm breaking up this old table for fuel. You shall have one fire, at all events. Devil take it, man! do you suppose I'm going to freeze?'

Bob resolutely defended his property, but all in vain. Piece after piece was broken off, and thrown on to the fire, in spite of all he could do; and with a tear in his eye, he beheld the conflagration of his red pine table.

'And now, my boy!' said Jenkins, 'I'll make your fortune for you in Eastern Lands.'

Bob's ears were wide open to receive any thing relating to fortune; so, forgetting his grievances at once, he helped to empty the jug of brandy, and then sat himself down, an attentive listener to what fell from the lips of his guest. Daylight found them in the same position; but a neighbor happening to call at the hut, a little after sunrise, found it empty. Bob and his visitor were among the missing. Numberless were the conjectures as to what had become of the former; no one, of course, knowing that he had absconded in company with any body. The landlord of the 'Red Lion' reported, with additions and variations, the story, that Bob had entered his house the evening previous, bought a quart of brandy, and *paid for it on the spot*, a thing which had never before happened, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and for which he could in no wise account; and that he also declared, after getting it safely in his possession, that as he expected to leave the world that night, he had determined his last hours should be merry ones. As this was the most exaggerated story that was manufactured at Bob's expense, it was first deemed barely possible, and finally firmly believed, by one and all. Satan had unquestionably claimed his own, and transported the victim to the infernal regions.

The best story, however, soon wears out; and so it chanced with the tale of Bob's abduction. At first it engrossed the tea-table conversation of every gossip in the village. Then it was declared insipid, by the more fashionable circles. The middle classes followed the example, till at last the lowest laborers forgot the subject, or only mentioned it as a remembrance of by-gone days.

PRECISELY seven months after Bob's disappearance, on a hot July afternoon, a superb carriage rattled through the turnpike-gate of Blueville, and drove up to the sign of the 'Red Lion.' Presently there descended from it a man dressed in the extreme of fashion, who, after eyeing his establishment with evident satisfaction, turned to the house.

'Here John, Tom, Dick! where are you all?' shouted the obsequious landlord.

'Landlord!' said the stranger, with a pompous air.

'Your humble servant, Sir.'

'Have my horses rubbed down.'

'Yes, Sir.'

‘Hay and oats — the best.’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘Order supper, immediately.’

‘Yes — Sir.’

‘And if it aint done in the best manner, I’ll horsewhip you!’

‘Yes, Sir — yes, Sir;’ and the landlord bustled away to execute his orders. Supper was soon announced, and the stranger, entering an adjoining room, commenced devouring the various dishes with hearty gusto.

‘What are you looking at, landlord?’ said the stranger, pausing a moment to take breath.

‘At you, Sir.’

‘At me? Why what do you see in me, to attract your attention?’

‘Aint you — you *must* be — Bob Morris?’

‘Robert Fitzmorris, Esquire, if you please. I am no longer plain Bob Morris; call me so again, and I’ll throw you out of the window. I’ve made a fortune within six months; three hundred thousand dollars, all in Eastern lands. Hold on to your eyes, landlord, or you’ll lose em; they’re half out of your head, already. Keep still about it, or by the powers! if it goes beyond you, I’ll not answer for your life!’

Away went Boniface, just as Bob desired, and told it to a neighbor, under a strict injunction of secrecy; this neighbor told it to another, who, in his turn, told it to a dozen others, and before sunset, it was known in every house in Blueville, that Bob Morris had returned an Esquire, and as rich as a Jew.

Instantly, invitations upon pink, green, and blue paper, were left at the ‘Red Lion,’ addressed to Robert Fitzmorris, Esquire, requesting the honor of his company. Crowds flocked around the tavern; the ‘Lion’ was never so well patronized. Head above head appeared at the window of the dining room, wherein the rich man was seated. The lawyer and the justice of the peace came very near tripping one another up, as they entered the bar-room, in their haste to pay their respects. That evening Bob passed at Justice Wormwood’s.

‘Have you any land for sale?’ inquired the justice, as Bob summed up the profits that had accrued to him from one speculation.

‘I believe I have a *few* lots,’ replied Mr. Fitzmorris, slowly, at the same time, drawing a map from his pocket: ‘Here is a plan of the city of Gulleem, Maine. Lot fifty-three is unchecked. Come, I’ll sell you that; right in the centre of the city, and just where the *dépôt* of the ‘Grand United North American Eastern Rail Road and Forwarding Company’ will be located.’

‘But is the road finished?’ interrupted the justice.

‘Not *quite*,’ answered Bob, with a slight cough; when I left, three months ago, there was a bill in the lower house of the Maine Legislature for the incorporation of the company. By this time, it has passed; the track has undoubtedly been commenced, and —’

‘But, consider, my dear Sir,’ again interrupted the justice, ‘the bill may have been defeated.’

‘No such thing!’ replied Bob, fiercely. ‘Is my word good for nothing?’

‘Oh, no, no — pray go on, Sir.’

'I will just read you,' continued Mr. Fitzmorris, producing a newspaper, 'a short paragraph from the *'Gullem Republican Banner, and Independent Tower of Freedom:'*

'The city of Gullem is pleasantly situated upon the banks of Nowhere river, within half a mile of the extensive water works of the *'United States' Calico Stamping and North-American Cloth-dyeing Company,'* which are now under consideration, and which will be built in the course of a few years. The proposed canal of the enterprising Water Company, uniting the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean, will pass directly across the northern boundary line, near where the great eastern turnpike empties in. The city itself is beautifully laid out in squares, and even now contains upward of ten dwelling-houses, together with a meeting-house in progress of erection. A splendid hotel is also contemplated, to stand on the vacant ground next the corner lot, offered for sale by the editor of this paper, in another column of to-day's impression. In short, we venture to predict, that at no distant day, Gullem will become the greatest commercial mart of the East. The causes are obvious. The contemplated canal, the proposed rail-road, combined with the intended extensive water-works, cannot fail to render Gullem a city of the greatest importance and first rank.'

'Now, my dear Sir,' said Bob, folding up the paper, 'what think you of fifty-three? — directly in the centre of Washington Square, opposite the *'Eastern Moonshine Bank,'* which will undoubtedly be built, so soon as a company is formed. Now is your only chance. I ask but five hundred dollars; fifty-four sold for a thousand.'

'Do you think I can sell it at a profit?' inquired the justice.

'Treble your money in six weeks! Wait but till the rail-road, the canal, and the water works, get going, and the lot will sell for eight or ten hundred per cent. profit. I'll guarantee it.'

'Will you give me that in writing, if I buy the land?'

'I will,' replied Bob, unhesitatingly.

'Then, Sir, I'll give you an answer to-morrow.'

Mr. Fitzmorris took up his hat, and wishing the justice good night, repaired to the *'Red Lion,'* where, before he went to bed, he struck a bargain with the landlord for a small strip of Gullem, at the rate of a hundred dollars an acre, half to be paid cash on the nail, and the remainder in bond and mortgage, at one and two years.

The next day Blueville was all alive with speculation in eastern lands. A special town-meeting was held, and it was voted unanimously, to invest the surplus revenue of the parish in Gullem house-lots, through the agency of Robert Fitzmorris, Esquire. Justice Wormwood bought lot fifty-three, and long before noon, every inch of ground, house-lots, and meadow and pasture-land, in the possession of our hero, was all sold; the purchasers paying cash upon the spot. So many deeds could not be made out at once; the town-crier therefore circulated notice, far and near, that early on Monday morning, the deeds would be ready for delivery. It was then Saturday. Things passed off quietly until Sunday afternoon, when Bob suddenly ordered his horses to be put into his carriage, and telling Boniface he was only going to drive a little distance into the country, jumped in and drove off, apparently for a ride. He kept on, until Blueville had long been lost in the distance, when he stopped by the side of a thick clump of trees, and giving a low whistle, a man appeared whom he immediately recognised as Mr. Joe Jenkins.

'Aha!' exclaimed Jenkins, 'how did you make out?'

'First rate!' replied Bob, producing several bags of dollars.

The spoils were divided, each receiving seven hundred dollars in specie.

'And now,' said Jenkins, 'we must make ourselves scarce. Take up the reins, Bob, and crack away!' Bob did so, and a few hours sufficed to carry them far enough from Blueville.

Great was the dismay depicted upon the countenances of all concerned in Gullem lands, when they gathered about the 'Red Lion,' on Monday morning, upon being informed by the landlord that Bob had a second time absconded.

'By Christopher!' exclaimed Justice Wormwood, 'my five hundred dollars and lot fifty-three are gone with him!'

'The parish fund has gone to the devil!' growled the parish clerk.

'He did n't pay his board, and has carried off my fifty dollars!' echoed Boniface, of the 'Red Lion.'

'Well, we always predicted how he'd turn out!' said a number, who had been secretly envious, that they were not able to buy lots in Gullem.

This, then, is the reason why Blueville never got ahead. This little circumstance put a damper upon the enterprise of her merchants. A speculator is an outlawed personage there; and to this day, its inhabitants cannot bear the name of 'EASTERN LANDS,' without involuntarily gnashing their teeth. They speak of the above transaction but seldom, and invariably as 'the dead shave!'

THE DYING ARCHER.

THE day has near ended, the light quivers through
The leaves of the forest, which bend with the dew,
The flowers bow in beauty, the smooth-flowing stream,
Is gliding as softly as thoughts in a dream;
The low room is darkened, there breathes not a sound,
While friends in their sadness are gathering round;
Now out speaks the Archer, his course well nigh done,
'Throw, throw back the lattice, and let in the sun!'

The lattice is opened; and now the blue sky
Brings joy to his bosom, and fire to his eye;
There stretches the greenwood, where, year after year,
He 'chased the wild roe-buck and followed the deer,'
He gazed upon mountain, and forest, and dell,
Then bowed he, in sorrow, a silent farewell:
'And when we are parted, and when thou art dead,
Oh where shall we lay thee?' his followers said.

Then up rose the Archer, and gazed once again
On far-reaching mountain, and river, and plain;
'Now bring me my quiver, and tighten my bow,
And let the winged arrow my sepulchre show!'
Out, out through the lattice, the arrow has passed,
And in the far forest has lighted at last,
And there shall the hunter in slumber be laid,
Where wild-deer are bounding beneath the green shade.

His last words are finished: his spirit has fled,
And now lies in silence the form of the dead;
The lamps in the chamber are flickering dim,
And sadly the mourners are chanting their hymn;
And now to the greenwood, and now on the sod,
Where lighted the arrow, the mourners have trod,
And thus by the river, where dark forests wave,
That noble old Archer hath found him a grave!

THOUGHTS ON HAND-WRITING.

BY THE LATE R. C. SANDS.

I HAVE had reasons for meditating much on the mystery of hand-writings, though my reflections have resulted in no new discoveries; and I have neither solved any of the paradoxes, nor come to a definite conclusion on any of the doubtful points with which the subject is pregnant. The first difficulty which was suggested to my mind about it, occurred in early childhood. I could not discover how the rapping me over the knuckles with a long, round, lignumvitæ ruler, until those articulations were discolored and lame, was to assist me in using my fingers with ease and grace, in copying the pithy scraps of morality which were set before me. My master, however, seemed to think it was good for me. The poor man took a world of pains, and gave me a great many, to very little purpose. He was very fond of quoting to me a passage from Horace, in an English version he had picked up somewhere, of the fidelity of which I have since had my doubts:

‘In wisdom and sound knowledge to excel,
Is the chief cause and source of writing well:
The manuscripts of Socrates were writ
So fairly, because he had so much wit.’

I certainly never became a proficient in calligraphy. I have, however, in the course of my life, been consoled for my own imperfections on this score, by observing scholars, statesmen, and gentlemen at large, who passed very well in the world, and obtained professorships, outfits, and salaries, and the entrée into polite society, whose signs manual were hieroglyphics, which Champollion himself would give up in despair. Their whole manipulation (as the learned would say,) with pen, ink, and paper, produced a result so utterly undecipherable, that, instead of its ‘painting thought, and speaking to the eyes,’ if their secretaries or correspondents had not known what they wanted to say, or to have said for them, the persons interested in their despatches might as well have been in the innocent situation of John Lump and Looney Mactwolter, when they had ‘mixed the billy-duckses.’

I have known lawyers and doctors, whose autographic outpourings the solicitor and apothecary alone understood, by professional instinct; and yet the bills in chancery of the former, fairly engrossed, produced suits which are not yet decided; and the prescriptions of the latter found their way into the patient’s system, and caused a great effect.

There is one thing, however, on which I have made up my mind decidedly; which is, that a person who writes so detestable a hand that he cannot read it himself, acts in an improper manner, and abuses the gift which Cadmus was good enough to introduce into Europe.

The character of my own writing seems somewhat amended, since time has laid his frosty hand upon my head, and cramped the joints

of my fingers. It is less capricious in the variety of directions in which the letters run, and less luxuriant in gratuitous additions to their tops, and bottoms, and natural terminations. They look more like a platoon of regular troops, and less like a militia-training; more like an arrangement produced by the agency of human intellect, and less like the irregular scratches made by the brute creation in the surface of the soil. So that I get along without any material difficulty; and have, indeed, been sometimes complimented on the elegance of my writing.

One thing which has always been unaccountable to me, is the nice acquaintance some persons acquire with the signatures of particular individuals, so that they can detect a forgery at first sight, however well it may be executed, and can swear to the spuriousness of the sophisticated writing. Neither, for the life of me, can I understand the wisdom of the rule of evidence, which makes the question important, whether a witness has ever *seen* the person write, about whose autography he is interrogated. I am sure it would puzzle the twelve judges of England to explain why our having seen a man write, should enable us to distinguish the character of his hand, any more than we should be enabled to identify his clothes, by having seen him put them on.

That the intellectual and moral character of a person may be ascertained from his hand-writing, is a theory in which many are fond of believing. It seems, certainly, a more plausible one than those of chiromancy or phrenology; but beyond a certain extent, I think it can be shown to be as visionary as either. Up to a certain point, however, it may be far more rational.

The sex of the writer may be conjectured with more infallibility than any other attribute :

‘The bridegroom’s letters stand in row above,
Tapering, yet straight, like pine trees in his grove;
While free and fine, the bride’s appear below,
As light and slender as her jasmies grow.’

Still, you cannot always tell, from the appearance of a manuscript, whether a lady or a gentleman has held the pen. I had a female relative, who was a strong, stout-built woman, to be sure; but she wrote a hand so formidably masculine, that the only suitor who ever made her an offer, was terrified out of his negotiation by the first billet-doux he had the honor of receiving from her. He was a slender and delicately made man, and wrote a fine Italian hand.

Next to the sex, the age of a writer may be guessed at with most certainty from the chirograph. If the gods had made me poetical, I would paraphrase the seven ages of Shakspeare, (omitting, of course, the infant in his nurse’s arms,) with reference to this theme. But I must ‘leave it to some fitter minstrel.’ There are, however, more exceptions to this than to the former proposition. Some people write a puerile hand all their lives: and the gravest maxims, the profoundest thoughts, the most abstruse reasonings, have sometimes been originally imbodyed in signs as fantastical as the scrawl made in sport by a child. On the other hand, men of regular temperament, and methodical habits of business, will acquire a formal and

deliberate character in their hand-writing, which is often not impaired until extreme age.

The nation, profession, and other accidental properties of a person, may also, perhaps, be discovered in a majority of instances, from his chirograph. But it is obvious that there is no mystery in this, which philosophy need be invoked to elucidate. Mr. Owen's doctrine of *circumstances* will explain it very satisfactorily. I am only disposed to deny that the bent of natural inclination, or the predominance or deficiency of any intellectual quality, can be ascertained by this test. I have never met with any one who possessed the art of divination in this way; nor, as the theory cannot be proved by any process of reasoning from first principles, can it be supported by a fair examination of any miscellaneous collection of autographs. Imagination may carry us a great way, and suggest resemblances of its own creation, between the characters of men known in history and fac-similes of their autographs. But, divesting ourselves of its influence, let us look at the signatures to the death-warrant of Charles I., or the Declaration of American Independence; which instruments I do not bring into juxtaposition irreverently, but because every one has seen them. I believe it will be impossible, without the aid of fancy, from recorded facts in the lives of those who subscribed these documents, compared with the peculiarities of their signs manual, to found an honest induction in support of this hypothesis.

Some conceited people try to write as badly as they can, because they have heard and believe that it is a proof of genius. While all will admit that this notion is very absurd, it is still generally believed that men of genius do write in a very obscure, infirm, or eccentric character: and we are told of a thousand familiar instances; such as Byron, and Chalmers, and Jeffrey, and Bonaparte, etc. A goodly assortment in the same lot! One thing is very certain, that those who write a great deal for the press, will soon write very badly; without its being necessary to ascribe that circumstance to intellectual organization. Bonaparte had no time, when dictating to six clerks at once, or signing treaties on horseback, to cultivate a clear running hand. Distinguished as he was above other men, in his fame and in his fortunes, I believe we may also concede to him the honor of having written the worst possible hand, decipherable by human ingenuity. And when we find, from the fac-similes of some of his early despatches, how abominably he spelled, as well as wrote, we are led to infer that a defective education, and an eagle-eyed ambition, which soon began to gaze too steadily at the sun to regard the motes in the atmosphere, will sufficiently account for a matter of such small importance to so great a man, without resorting to 'metaphysical aid' to account for his bad writing.

The hand-writing of an individual is not as much connected with the machinery of his mind, as is the effect of any other personal habit. Neat people do not always write neatly; and some very slovenly persons, whom I have known, were distinguished for a remarkably elegant formation of their letters. Affectation, on the contrary, being out of nature, will always betray itself in this particular, as in every other.

I am disposed also to treat, as a fond chimera, a notion I have

often heard expressed, that there is a natural gentility appertaining to the chirographs of nature's aristocracy; supposing such a phrase to be proper. Every thing else about a gentleman's letter will furnish better hints as to his breeding and quality, than the character of his hand-writing. Set a well-taught boot-black and a gentleman down to copy the same sentence on pieces of paper of like shape and texture, and few of your conjurers in autographs will be able to guess, from the specimens, which is the gentleman and which is the boot-black.

But to leave this drouthy and prosing disquisition, I am minded to illustrate both the evils and the advantages of bad or illegible writing, by incidents which have occurred, or are easily supposable, in real life. My poor old master, against whose memory I cherish no malice, notwithstanding his frequent fustigation of my youthful knuckles, when he despaired of my profiting either by the unction of his precepts, or the sore application of his ruler, endeavored to frighten me into amendment by examples. He composed for my use a digested chronicle of casualties which had befallen those who perpetrated unseemly scrawls; and, after the manner of Swift, entitled his tract, 'God's revenge against Cacography.' I have long since lost the precious gift; but I have not forgotten all the legends it contained.

The tale is old, of the English gentleman, who had procured for his friend a situation in the service of the *East India Company*, and was put to unprofitable expense by misreading an epistle, in which the latter endeavored to express his gratitude. 'Having,' said the absentee, 'been thus placed in a post, where I am sure of a regular salary, and have it in my power, while I enjoy health, to lay up something every year to provide for the future, I am not unmindful of my benefactor, and mean soon to send you an *equivalent*.' Such a rascally hand did this grateful Indian write, that the gentleman thought he meant soon to send him an *elephant*. He erected a large out-house for the unwieldy pet; but never got any thing to put in it, except a little pot of sweetmeats, and an additional bundle of compliments.

Few who read the newspapers, have not seen an anecdote of an amateur of queer animals, who sent an order to Africa for *two* monkeys. The word *two*, as he wrote it, so much resembled the figures one hundred, that his literal and single-minded agent was somewhat perplexed in executing this commission, which compelled him to make war on the whole nation. And great was the naturalist's surprise and perplexity, when he received a letter informing him, in mercantile phraseology, that eighty monkeys had been shipped, as per copy of the bill of lading enclosed, and that his correspondent hoped to be able to execute the rest of the order in time for the next vessel!

Many, too, must have read a story which appeared in the English newspapers, a few years since, of the distressful predicament into which a poor fisherman's wife was thrown, by the receipt of a letter from her husband, who had been absent from home, with several of his brethren, beyond the ordinary time. The honest man stated, in piscatorial phrase, the causes of his detention, and what luck he had met with in his fishing. But the conclusion of his bulletin, as spelled

by his loving amphibious helpmate, was as follows : ' I AM NO MORE ! ' The poor woman gazed a while on this fatal official intelligence of her husband's demise, and then on her eleven now fatherless infants ; and then she burst into a paroxysm of clamorous sorrow, which drew around her the consorts of seventeen other fishermen, who had departed in company with the deceased man. None of them could read ; but they caught from the widow's broken lamentations the contents of the supernatural postscript ; and taking it for granted that they had all been served in the same manner by the treacherous element, they all lifted up their voices, and the corners of their aprons, and made an ululation worthy of so many forsaken mermaids. In the words of the poet, they made ' igh water in the sea,' on whose margin they stood ; when one of the overseers of the poor, who came to the spot, alarmed by the rumor that the parish was like to be burthened with eighteen new widows and an hundred and odd parcel orphans, snatched the letter from the weeping Thetis, and silenced the grief of the company, by making out its conclusion correctly, which was, '*I add no more.*'

There is a memorable passage in our annals, which must be familiar to those who have read the old chronicles and records of our early colonial history. I allude to the consternation into which the General Court of the Massachusetts and their associated settlements were thrown, when their clerk read to them a letter from a worthy divine, purporting that he addressed them, not as magistrates, but as a set of *Indian devils*. The horror-stricken official paused in his prelection, aghast as was the clerk in England, for whose proper psalm a wag had substituted 'Chevy Chase,' when he came to the words 'woful hunting.' He looked at the manuscript again, and after a thorough examination, exclaimed, 'Yea ! it is Indian devils !' A burst of indignation from the grave sanhedrim, long, loud, and deep, followed this declaration. They would all have better brooked to have been called by the name of Baptists, papists, or any other pestilent heretics, than to be branded as the very heathen whom they had themselves never scrupled to compliment, by calling them children of Beelzebub. If I remember aright, the venerable Cotton Mather notes, in his biographies of the eminent divines of his day, that the innocent offender was, in this instance, roughly handled by the secular arm of justice, for insulting the dignitaries both of church and state, before he had an opportunity of convincing his brother dignitaries that the offensive epithet, *Indian devils*, was a pure mistake in their manner of reading his epistle ; inasmuch as he meant to employ the more harmless phrase, *Individuals*. The apology was accepted ; though I observe that the latter word is, at present, deemed impolite, if not actionable, in Kentucky ; and is as provoking to a citizen of that state, as it was to Dame Quickly to be called a woman, and a thing to thank God on, by Sir John Falstaff.

I knew a gentleman, who would have been very well pleased to have received a lucrative appointment, in a certain state of the Union ; because his prattrimony was naught, and his professional profits, to speak mathematically, were less. His joy was unbounded, therefore, on reading a letter from a very great man, who wrote a very little and a very bad hand, responsive to his application for the

post which he coveted. He deciphered enough of the letter to make out, that many were soliciting the station for which he had applied, and that *his* testimonials had been received. But the concluding sentence was that from the favorable augury of which the young ambition of the aspirant ran at once, in imagination, to the top of its ladder. '*Though last not least,*' were the cabalistic words, by virtue of which he founded many Spanish castles; destined, alas! like those of Arabian enchantment, to vanish or fly away at the spell of a more powerful magician, or the loss of the talisman which summoned the genii to erect them. He might have launched into dangerous prodigality on the strength of his anticipated promotion, if a friend had not succeeded in convincing him, that the flourish with which the great man had terminated his honorable scrawl, if it was not a verse from the Koran, in the Arabic character, must have been meant for that very insignificant and unfruitful expression, '*Yours, in haste.*'

No executive sunshine ever beamed on him. But being of a philosophic turn of mind, he devoted much of his time, for some years after his disappointment, to an analysis of the precise meaning of these three unlucky words, and read all the writers on our language, from the Diversions of Purley to the last wonderful discoveries on the subject made in this country. I suppose that he passed his time pleasantly in these researches, but not, I should think, very profitably: for the only result of all his reading, which I ever heard him utter, was, that '*yours, in haste,*' is a most unphilosophical, ungrammatical, and nonsensical expression, involving a confusion of time, place, and circumstance. He said, it was a sorites of bulls; a metaphysical absurdity; a moral insult to good sense and good feeling; and that he never would continue a correspondence with any person who had used it in addressing him.

It is very easy to conceive what sad consequences may result in affairs of love and matrimony, from careless scribbling, by which ideas may be suggested directly the reverse of those intended to be expressed by the writer. In insinuating the delicate question orally, much ambiguity may be allowed for, on the score of anxiety and embarrassment; and it has always been understood, that the lady's answer, like a certain character in algebra, which combines the positive and negative signs, must be interpreted by accompanying circumstances; or rather, that it is like the adverb of answer, in some of the dead languages, which is both yea and nay, and requires an inclination of the head, or the expression of the countenance, to make it intelligible. Lawyers say, too, that it is difficult, in many cases, to prove a verbal promise of marriage. But equivocal writing has not the advantage of being illustrated by tone, glance, feature, or attitude, and may lead to very dangerous consequences.

In that department of the post-office, of which Cupid is master, the mails should contain only perfumed and gilt-edge billets, written in fair, soft, legible characters, like the correspondence of Julie and St. Preux, as conducted by their inspired amanuensis. I perceive these remarks have run to a greater extent than I had anticipated; and for this reason, but more particularly because I would not encourage fraud or deception, in any form or under any pretext, I will not even hint

at the possible advantages which may flow from bad or ambiguous hand-writings.

I can conceive no instance in which sound morality will tolerate the commission of such a thing, with malice afore-thought, or from sheer carelessness; unless it be where the ingenuity of the writer is taxed for common-place complimentary flourishes, or at the conclusion of an epistle. It is sometimes a very perplexing thing to make a proper obeisance at the end of a letter, when we are at a little loss about etiquette, or fear to be too formal or too familiar, too cold or too tender. Whether an imitation of the Chinese or the Sanscrit characters may be employed with propriety, in any such dilemma, is a case of conscience, which I will not undertake to decide. I must refer the reader to an excellent work by Mrs. Opie, with a most unfashionable name; and if such an evasion is not classed by her among the pécadilloes which she has denounced, it may be safely resorted to by the most scrupulous precisian.

THE LAST SONG.

A LEAF FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A BOOKWORM.

Must it be? Then farewell!
 Thou whom my woman's heart cherished so long:
 Farewell! and be this song
 The last, wherein I say, 'I loved thee well.'

Many a weary strain
 Never yet heard by thee, hath this poor breath
 Uttered of Love and Death,
 And maiden grief, hidden and chid in vain.

Oh! if in after years
 The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,
 Bid not the pain depart,
 But shed, over my grave, a few sad tears.

Think of me, still so young,
 Silent, though fond, who cast my life away,
 Daring to disobey
 The passionate spirit that around me clung.

Farewell again! — and yet
 Must it indeed be so? — and on this shore
 Shall you and I no more
 Together see the sun of summer set?

For me, my days are gone!
 No more shall I in harvest-time prepare
 Chaplets to bind my hair,
 As I was wont: oh, 't was for you alone!

But on my bier I'll lay
 Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,
 Martyr of love to man,
 And like a broken flower, gently decay.

A MEMORIAL

OF THE LATE MR. JOHNNY MARSDEN, OF LONG-ISLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE KUSHOW PROPERTY.'

AT a short distance from the village of Jamaica, about a stone's cast from the Eldon Manor, there is a small mansion, now deserted, which was the residence of the late eccentric JOHNNY MARSDEN. With the exception of the forlorn appearance it presents, being deprived of those familiar sights and sounds which give animation to the farmhouse, there is nothing about it, at first sight, to attract attention. But the minute observer would discover on the premises some things wholly inexplicable, without a little insight into the habits of the owner. These are sufficient to inspire a certain awe in the minds of the superstitious, who never approach it, or pass by it on a dark night, without infinite misgivings. Not that it is at present 'haunted,' but there is always a sepulchral gloominess about a desolate house, affecting not only the minds of the vulgar. It is like the frigid body of a dead man, from which the soul has fled. It is, in fact, a rude outer case, or covering, a sort of exterior coil, which he can put on, or renew, or entirely discard, at pleasure; unlike that other 'mortal coil,' which can only be 'shuffled off' when the spirit takes its departure. How cold, and melancholy is its aspect! The hospitable doors, and windows once glaring with cheerful light, are closed in cold repulse. Within there is mouldiness, and a damp which strikes to the heart. The passage of the wind through the shrunken doors and crevices, sounds like the moaning of a spirit; and if you stay there at night, there will always be noises, and as it is not easy to conjecture what produces them, they seem supernatural. The familiar voices that circulated hilariously through the old apartments, the tale, the jibe, the pleasant gossip, are no more; and for the family that lived within, they have either gone to 'eternal habitations,' or have removed their household gods to Latium.*

The latter was not the case with Mr. Marsden. He has been long dead; and as his habits and modes of thinking were unlike those of other men, so he does not repose with them in the church-yard. He was buried in a peculiar manner, according to his own directions, without monument or epitaph. There is a small mound not far from the house, surrounded by an enclosure, sufficient to protect it from being trampled on by cattle. *Hic jacet.*

I have no doubt, by the bare mention of the name, that this individual already springs up to the mind's eye of those who have known him, as large as life, and in all his ample dimensions. His serene head overshadowed by a vast canopy of a tow-hat, with two-and-sixpence chalked upon the rim, thus, $2\frac{5}{6}$; his double vests, with capacious pockets, in whose unfathomable depth a snuff-box might be lost beyond all recovery; his pantaloons innocent of suspenders, and with dainty buckles at the knees; his substantial home-spun stockings and gaiters; his shoes of seventy-four-gun-ship sizeability,

* Gone to the western country.

whose double soles were doubly guarded by a double row of iron nails, as large as the studding of a buckler, setting all wear-and-tear at defiance, and laughing in the face of at least a dozen years; or, supposing it to be winter, and bitterly cold, having on his

——— 'old great coat
All buttoned down before;'

in such trim, I say, accompanied with that scrupulous neatness which was characteristic of the man, will present itself the person of the late Mr. Johnny Marsden.

I intend, in the following paper, to unfold a few traits in the character of this peculiar man; for I am performing the office of OLD MORTALITY, deepening with pious chisel the inscriptions of the departed, and removing the moss and lichen which time collects, that they may not for ever fade from the memory of the living. This I consider as well a pleasure as a duty. For while great men alone are apt to engross all the pages of the biographer, I am able to find in this little nook of earth enough that is worthy of record.

It was the humble occupation of the subject of this sketch, and he followed it for many years with an industry, a regularity, and lucid method, which would have invoked success on any undertaking to carry country produce to the adjacent village. Milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, fruits, in short, every thing which a few acres cultivated to the last inch supplied, fell within his province. As his wife was a remarkably clean woman, and attentive to the concerns of the dairy, he found no lack of customers among scrupulous housewives. Day after day, and week after week, he might be seen in the same long and measured step, pacing up and down on his errand. Regardless of the heat of summer, and the most violent rain, snow, and hail of winter, he went as regularly as clock-work about his business. He was a species of moving market, passing and repassing, and dropping the produce of every season at your door. As he kept no horse, wagon, or barrow, of any kind, but travelled always on foot, bearing his baskets on his arms, it cost him many trips a day to supply the town. Some persons, who did not look at the bottom of things, advised the purchase of a horse, by which the labor of a day might be performed in an hour. But this he always opposed, for it would require his 'whole fortin,' and then the horse might die, or a wheel be broken, and the whole affair collapse into ruin, and the investment be smashed. So he believed he would e'en pursue his ancient custom, and rely upon his feet, which, for many long years, had never failed him. Beside, to buy a horse would be innovating upon a well-proved system, and he did not like innovation. On the whole, his plan turned out well, for he arrived at the goal of competence with equal certainty, although he travelled on foot.

Johnny Marsden did all things after a system. In dealing with his customers, he dispensed his change most prudently, not passing into your hands a host of coppers vain-gloriously, as if by largess, judging merely by the eye whether they were more or less — probably more — but, betwixt his finger and his thumb would he pass every individual copper, scrutinizing lest some sixpence, worn and trituated by the friction of a thousand tongues, and money-frequented

pockets, should by the attraction of cohesion, adhere to a revolutionary penny. Experience had long since taught him how many an 'aching void' was the consequence of such vanity. 'There would be a *sticking*,' he remarked, for though money never came to him under escort, it was very willing to march off in a lump. Hence in all his money arrangements he practised the utmost deliberation. Sometimes a bevy of boys bursting from the play-grounds, attracted by the delicious appearance of his fruits, would rush upon him in tumultuous frenzy, until overpowered by the variety and rapidity of their questions, he stood like a colossus over his baskets, and stretching forth his arms in utter dismay, exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, you *must* stand off a leetle, and not confuse me, or it will be out of my power to transact business.' The extreme gravity with which this was uttered, was a sufficient warning. The impetuous urchins would describe a larger circle, albeit their lips were moistened by delay, until from his cornucopia baskets he had supplied them separately, instead of showering down the contents in a mass. He had a rare knack of testing the genuineness of silver, not vulgarly ringing it on a stone, like a Yankee pedlar, but by a fine touch, and quick glance, he soon settled the point of its currency; and then he did not set himself to denounce the money, but he would 'a leetle rather have other coin, an' it were convenient.' In all his dealings, he was governed by the most rigid honesty. It was his supreme desire to 'toe the mark.' To pass an inch beyond this, would afford as much uneasiness as to fall an inch behind. He would walk five miles to rectify the mistake of a farthing, were it in his own favor, or that of another. The law language 'be it more or less,' had no place in his legal code. When Mr. Marsden, out of two tin pails which were scoured to a dazzling brightness, sold milk to his customers, and please to take notice that it was not like that dispensed in cities, pale, diluted, and of a bluish whiteness; on the contrary, it was white, cream-like, and almost subsiding into butter by its very richness; it was marvellous to see how he would ladle it out without even spilling or wasting a single drop. It was indeed too good and too precious to be lost. One morning, however, as cook was putting a quart of such milk into an Indian pudding, (and take my word for it, puddings like that one are rarely met with,) she was startled by a tremendous crash near by, like the irruption of a pair of horses, and the dashing of a vehicle to atoms. Looking out, an unfortunate spectacle presented itself. Mr. Marsden in going away, made a false step, lost his balance, and rolling and tumbling down the precipitous 'stoop,' was prostrated, with disastrous ruin, to the ground, splintering the bannisters into fragments as he went. There he lay, his heels in air, his hat lying apart from his reverend crown, his sixpences scattered over the ground, his tin pails afar off, with all the milk spilt, and he himself like an unhorsed knight in heavy armor, unable to rise. Now mark the predominant trait in his character. When he was assisted up, he put one hand with an expression of pain upon his left hip, and receiving his collected money in the other, looked at the scattered splinters, and with an instinctive honestly inquired 'what was the damage.' The commiserating crowd regarding the expenditure of milk, and fearful that he was seriously wounded, inquired likewise 'what was the damage.'

Mr. Marsden's notions of integrity were too strict and mathematical, and too much averse to rough calculations, for the community he lived in. The current honesty of the world substracted from his, would leave a very handsome overplus in the pockets of those who smiled at his simplicity. It is better to err on the right side of a question, than to be too lax in principle. Were there more of these scrupulous characters, many hundreds might be saved, which at present escape from us, we know not where, or how. Let us not smile, then, at the idea of being too honest, but if any have that fear, devoutly pray, that they may keep it, like the fear of God, perpetually before their eyes.

As he was scrupulous toward others, it may be well to add, that he failed not to protect himself, and was on his guard against those persons to whom the words of scripture may apply: 'It is nought, it is nought, saith the buyer.' Such undeviating rectitude of conduct, and such nice adjustment of principle to the scriptural rule of doing unto others even as we would desire others to do to us, it were natural to suppose, would be attended by 'that peace which passeth show.' Yet, wonderful as it may appear, few persons were more tormented than Johnny Marsden. Not that he was the victim of domestic quarrels; for what household was composed of more peaceful elements than his own? His wife was the most prudent of women, and his tabby cat was no snarler. These were the only inmates of the house. The first prepared the dairy, the second guarded it, and he sold it. Neither was he maligned by evil-disposed persons, nor had the breath of calumny ever gone forth against him. For who could say that he had in aught defrauded them? Who so bold as to whisper such a charge? Nor was he indeed afflicted in any manner by external ills. Health crowned his labors, and plenty his board, and he had a cheerful and contented heart withal. But the powers which tormented him were not of earth. They were the invisible spirits of other worlds. In him the ancient superstition of *witchcraft* was revived in all its terrors. Delivered from the penalties of abrogated laws, it seemed to him that witches and malignant spirits had regained their foothold on earth. They rallied around his humble domains, and troubled him at all times and seasons with their influence. They beset his fireside, arrogated his broom-stick, glanced round his milk-pails, and strode to him on the wings of the wind. Did he walk into the fields, they pursued him in open day; did he lie down on his bed, they haunted him in the darkness of the night. Fire, earth, air, and water were full of them. It were impossible to enumerate in how many different forms, sizes, shapes, and modes, they paid their visitations. Sometimes they flitted like motes in the candle, or making a sally upon the dresser, lo! the plates and the saucers danced and rattled, as if convulsed by the throes of an earthquake. Sometimes the old clock that stood in the corner, departing from its grave and regular mode of proceeding, went whiz! whiz! whiz! or sent forth at all hours its 'bewildered chimes.' Again, his chickens would become violently agitated in the middle of the night, and in the morning, numbers were found mysteriously to have vanished. Sometimes his cat would become bewitched, and fly round and round with the rapidity of a vortex, as if the devil was in her.

First in one direction, then in another, then diagonally, and if approached, would shake, and cough, and shrink from you like hydrophobia from water. This was a sore affliction to Johnny, for he loved his cat, and having no offspring, in the benevolence of his nature, caressed and petted her as a child. He loved to hold her upon his knees, to listen to her complacent purring, to applaud her respectable whiskers, to pat her well-washed face, and to stroke her sleek skin, from the tip of her ears, even to the extremity of her tail. Never was a cat better off in the world. Well fed, well kept, a good hearth to sleep on, and not worried by dogs; for Johnny was an enemy to dogs, having once been bitten in the 'hind sinners' (sinews.) Far be from her all rats, vermin, and evil-doers of whatever kind. With one energetic spring, and one murderous hug, she retired in triumph from her dead prey. She was in all respects a sweet cat, and he considered it hard indeed that even his 'critturs' should be tormented by the demons. When the fit was upon her, he fancied he saw a witch dancing in every hair in her body, and shrank from the blue and baleful glare of her eyes. He tried various remedies, such as binding her head and eyes with a napkin, wherein were catnip and divers salubrious and medicinal 'yerbs,' but then she did nothing but back, back, back. This was marvellous. He rubbed her hair 'ag'in the grain,' in the dark, but 'as true as he had a living soul, her whole hide spat fire like a blacksmith's forge!' He cut off the end of her tail, but then she became betwitched the more. She uttered an unearthly mew, scaled all the fences in the neighborhood, and was never heard of more.* But worse than all, and terrible to relate, Mr. Marsden sometimes got bewitched himself. Then truly it might be said that he was not in his 'right mind.' His cheerful equanimity forsook him; he looked daggers at the wife of his bosom, neglected to retire at his regular hour, and sat glooming all night over the coals. Unusual fears, perplexities, and sensations, came over him. He thought that he should be robbed of his substance; that old age should steal on, and find him starving, and that the

* I THINK it a proper place to make a few general remarks upon cats. This animal always appeared mysterious to me. Mr. Marsden's is not the only one that ever acted strangely. In my long experience of cats, I have taken occasion to notice the mazes of their behavior. Innumerable dissertations have been written on the subject. Bulwer has a whole chapter on cats, in *Bene Aram*, with a moral. Theocritus has spoken of them in his *Idylls*. I do not know what put the idea into his head, but he remarketh, 'cats love to sleep on soft beds.'

αἱ γαῖαι μαλακῶς χρησθόντι καθέδον.

This is true to the letter. They have not altered one tittle. If there is a rug, or a carpet, or a bed, accessible to them in the house, they may be found reposing gently in the very middle of it. They like feather beds much better than mattresses. Who has not shrunk from two glaring balls of fire, upon a dark night, and wondered whether any thing human was staring at him, when upon investigation it has turned out to be a cat? Who has not been awakened from his midnight slumbers by an unearthly wailing, and lo! he has found it to be the battling of cats. Of all animals, they are the most domestic, and yet have little natural affection for any thing. Give them any provocation, and you are likely to be rewarded by a snarl or a scratch. Although a rat is their legitimate prey, yet no beating, however severe, can restrain them from casting greedy eyes upon the Canary bird. Among other singular traits, they love to play with their own tails. Who has not frequently noticed them describe an exact circle about the room; and then ignorance will tell you that they have 'got a fit.' 'Yes,' replied Mr. Marsden, with much simplicity, 'a fit of the devil!'

dreaded poor-house should open its portals to him. Sometimes he felt a pricking and a pinching in the rear, or over his whole body, as if a hundred spiteful little hands were at work, and they pinched, and pinched, until he fairly rose up in his shoes. These fits did not last long. They came frequently and passed over, leaving him once more in his right mind.

Happy is it, that he lived not in the days of the GREAT WITCH-CRAFT, but sprang up in the midst of an unbelieving generation, an isolated instance of a delusion no longer considered penal. In the hands of Cotton Mather, or any other of those godly men, so active in expelling devils, he would have been brought to condign punishment, and the honest memorials which I now write, would have been superseded by the catch-penny confessions of a criminal.

Although in little jeopardy of the strong arm of the law, it seemed as if the old delusion had possessed him, and as if all the witches that ever infested earth, from the witch of Endor to those of Salem, (in which blessed days men feared their own shadows, and were afraid of the devil on a dark night; and then a polled sheep was a perilous beast, and many times taken for their fathers' souls, especially in a church-yard, where a right hardy man durst not to have passed by night, but his hair would stand upright,) it seemed, I say, as if all the witches, spirits, bugbears of those by-gone days had returned once more, each bringing ten others worse than themselves, to rally round the dominions of Johnny Marsden.

The incantations and charms which he employed to meet this legion, were numerous, but in the magic bend of a horse-shoe, he placed his chief reliance and his trust. He nailed horse-shoes on his barns, on his hen-coops, on his fences, on his door-posts, and on his bed. In short, wherever a part lay vulnerable to the witches, he was sure to meet them with a horse-shoe; and in many cases he found them exceedingly efficacious — though not always.

It happened one evening, after his last trip to the village, when he was quietly seated by the fire to rest from his weariness, and not yet recovered from the loss of the cat, his wife approached him with a doleful countenance, and told him that the milch-cow was bewitched. This was new and disastrous intelligence, and he turned as pale as ashes on the receipt. It was the upsetting of many milk-pails, and with them of many thrifty visions. For his wife, she had never seen a cow act so strangely in her life. She did nothing but wander about as one forlorn, roving miles and miles from home. It was impossible to confine her within any bounds. She opened gates with her horns, and when these were disabled, made use of her tongue, and as a last resource, bounded over the fences like a colt. Such unseemly conduct was undoubtedly the result of witchcraft. The foul fiend, the witch, the evil-eye, or whatever it was that confounded his cow, must be expelled, and that shortly, or where might be the end of this? Already his yearling heifer gave symptoms of the same disorder, and had attempted to butt him down, in the most refractory manner. The history of the past, as well as the experience of the present, told him that this disease was as contagious as the plague. Indeed, he gathered from ancient 'Almanack for the Yere of Lord 1666,' wherein was 'much knowledge of times,

seasons, weatheres, winds, and tides, together with divers rare and excellent receipts, and much new and interestynge intelligence of Astrologie and Witchcrafte, that in that same yere came there an exceedynge marvellous bewitchment of the cattle, in some parts of England, insomuch that they were like unto those with devils possessed, and there would have been no telling what would come of it, had there not been those cunningge in the use of charmes, whereby they did exercise the foul fiends, and by God's help put a stay to that pest.' Having thus much light before his eyes, it became his bounden duty to prevent the like contagion, and not to permit his cow to bewitch all the orderly cows in the neighborhood. A consultation was forthwith held, at which his spouse was inclined to differ from him in opinion, but at last dutifully gave up the point, and it was deemed necessary to resort to extremities. He lost no time in detaching a horse-shoe from the door-post, and having piled the hearth with faggots, placed it upon the coals, until it should become red hot. The shades of night had already begun to descend when, attended by his wife, he marched with solemn pace into the cow-yard. He carried in his arms a cleaver and a block, having fully made up his mind to cut off the animal's tail. This was a painful business, but a necessitous one, and it wrung his benevolent heart. For 'assuredly,' said he, 'it is better to decapitate the tail, than to lose the entire cow.' They found the devoted animal standing beneath a shed, chewing her cud, and apparently in the enjoyment of a lucid interval. Approaching her with all the soothing arts which were so effectual before her estrangement, he had just raised the cleaver in the air, when, actuated by a sudden impulse, she made a flying vault, and laid him prostrate in the dust. A crisis was at hand. Mrs. Marsden reinforced him immediately. She seized hold of the tail, and drawing back with all her main, reined in the refractory cow. The appearance of the animal was at this moment terrific. She roared like a mad bull, her eyes glared, her hoofs tossed the dirt, and altogether she was as much possessed as the hogs that ran into the Sea of Galilee. Rising up all trembling from the earth, he again returned to the onset, and making a decided blow, effected an amputation of the tail very near its junction with the back bone. Then seizing the fallen member, he rushed to the house, and plunging it in the burning coals, where a horse-shoe was lying at a white heat, uttered these mystic words: '*Horum Quorum Spiritorum Sidera Diabolus Gemini Taurus!*' The witches were unable to stand this summary mode of proceeding. They vanished forthwith, leaving the cow in her right mind. And she remained so until her dying day, which very unfortunately came shortly after.

Thus much for witchcraft; and let no one be astonished at a man of so much sagacity as Mr. Marsden, for yielding to such a belief. For the time has been, when the agency of familiar spirits has engrossed the attention of the most learned judges, the most wise counsellors, and the most holy ministers of God; and whoever pretended even to doubt their existence, was accounted an 'ignorant Sadducee.' So distinguished a man as Bishop Jewel, in a sermon preached before the queen, in 1558, tells her: 'May it please your Majesty to understand, that witches and sorcerers, within these four last years, are marvellously increased within your Majesty's realm. Your Majesty's

subjects pine away, even unto death; their color fadeth, their flesh rotteth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft; I pray God they never practice further upon the subject.' Did not King James, at his succession to the throne of Elizabeth, publish his royal Treatise on 'Dæmonologie,' with a preface about witches or enchanters, 'those detestable slaves of the devil?' Need I remind you of the disastrous spread of this belief among the Puritans of New-England, and how many were brought to a violent death for their supposed compact with Satan? Did not Addison, in the *Spectator*, acknowledge that such things once were? In short, this same belief is found to exist among many portions of the civilized world, even unto this day.

Mr. Marsden, to the scandal of the clergy, never entered the doors of a church. He was, however, a bit of a theologian. His system was founded mostly on the Old Testament, and when occasion offered, he was very fond of a little discussion about the WITCH OF ENDOR. In fact, this scrupulous story was his strong hold, and lay at the very bottom of his belief in witchcraft. So long as he was thus safely moored upon the Bible, he felt that no argument could confound him. He held long conversations with the justice of the peace, who being obstinately opposed to his belief, disputed loudly, and with much passion, upon the subject. But Mr. Marsden was ruffled never a bit, and after listening very meekly, invariably handed him over to the witch of Endor, and slightly tapping the Bible, where the whole matter was recorded in black and white, requested him to 'answer him to that.'

Unlike many of the self-righteous persons of the present day, he modestly supposed himself unworthy a place in heaven. He believed there was a 'middle place,' not exactly *in* heaven, but pretty well out of the suburbs of hell, about equi-distant from both, where persons of his humble pretensions might pursue the line of their earthly rectitude. There he hoped for admittance, having always striven to do 'the thing that was right.'

In all his long life, he travelled very little beyond his circuit, which included a circumference of about five miles. He once made a journey to New-York, where he supposed that all men were as honest as himself, and frankly told whence he came, whither he was going, and for what purpose. But some villains maltreated him sadly, cutting out his waistcoat pockets, and robbing him of his tin pill-boxes, which were full of sixpences to the brim. After that, his confidence in the world was entirely demolished, and he scarcely ventured beyond the precincts of his home.

A few years have elapsed, since this worthy man was suddenly missed from his customary rounds. It was reported that he was sick, and shortly after slipping unnoticed into the tomb, it was announced to the little world where he moved, and to their great grief, that he too had departed to his fathers.

EPIGRAM.

VAIN is thy labor, to create
 From all that little is, the great :
 Reverse it — turn the great to little,
 'T will suit thy genius to a tittle.

T E A R S .

BY HON. CHIEF JUSTICE MELLEN, MAINE.

CRYSTALS, where are your recesses,
 Where the home of your repose,
 When the world around caresses,
 And the heart no sorrow knows?
 Then, the eye is bright and gleaming
 As a summer's smiling day;
 Joy and peace may there be beaming,
 Still uninfluenced by your sway.

Why should sudden bursts of feeling,
 Why should transport, flood the eyes?
 Why, when from your fountain stealing,
 Do ye flow mid rapture's sighs?
 Where 's the fount, whence pain and anguish
 Call ye forth for their relief?
 Causing agony to languish
 Into deep and dark'ning grief?

Crystal tears, so freely pouring,
 Prompt their duty to perform,
 Tell when gentle gales are blowing
 Round the heart, and when the storm:
 Messengers of gladness, rushing,
 Bearing orders from the heart;
 Showering cheeks, in beauty blushing,
 Laughing at the painter's art.

Messengers of deepest sorrow,
 From the seat of cruel pain;
 Hoping still relief to-morrow,
 While hope's promises are vain!
 Messengers of tender passion,
 Melting sympathy and love,
 Hearts o'erflowing with compassion,
 Warm'd with influence from above.

Messengers from hearts despairing,
 And from Conscience, in alarm:
 Its frightful catalogue preparing,
 And no aid from mortal arm;
 Messengers from hearts repenting,
 Washing out the stains of sin:
 Mercy smiling — Heaven assenting —
 Peace around and peace within!

T O E. R. F.

'Ζῖνῃ μὲν σὰς ἀγαθῶν.'

YOUTH on thy cheek, and heaven in thine eye,
 And beauty in thy movements! 't is a pleasure
 For me to count thee my heart's brightest treasure,
 Remembered best when stars are in the sky,
 And the calm moon hangs o'er the eddying water;
 Then thy sweet voice, in soft melodious laughter,
 Comes o'er me with a feeling, and thine eyes
 Enchant me with their radiance, and I see
 Less wo in life; so let me think of thee,
 Enchantress! when the stars of midnight rise, —
 And if thou shouldst contrive to think of me,
 Remember then thou art the one I prize,
 As being to my heart its lovely gem,
 Outshone by one alone, — the Star of Bethlehem!

H. W. R.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RESIDENCE IN EUROPE.

SCENES IN PARIS.

A BALL AT THE HOTEL OF THE MINISTER OF THE —.

THE honor of the most splendid fête which Paris had seen since the accession of the citizen king, belonged to the late president of the council, Casimir Perier. It was the ambition of the Minister of —, to eclipse the fame of the French Lucullus. A ball, projected for many months, was the great topic of conversation in the courtly circles of the metropolis, and of incessant speculation in the journals of the fashionable world. A report by some means got into circulation, that one object of the minister was, to collect an assembly of the most beautiful women ever seen in France; that to effect this, great personal attractions would alone secure an invitation; and, with the exception of persons of the most eminent rank and fashion, that no others could expect to be admitted. Such an intimation, of course, produced great excitement. Those who had held undisputed possession of the saloons of the metropolis, trembled lest this new and revolutionary principle should cut them off from the enjoyment of rights they regarded as indefeasible; while others, in whom the want of rank or wealth had suppressed all hope of admission into the first circles of the capitol, found an unexpected resource, in that most plebeian of accomplishments, their beauty. This painful suspense continued several weeks. At length, the distribution of invitations terminated a period of so much anxiety. Last of all, came the eventful evening.

I left my rooms at an earlier hour than is usual with me on such occasions, that I might mark the arrival of the guests, and recognise the more distinguished, as they were announced and entered. More than three thousand invitations had been issued. To prevent the confusion apprehended from so great a multitude of equipages, crowded in the narrow and tangled streets of the Faubourg St. Germain, a note was appended to the invitations, requesting that we would approach by the Rue de —, or the Rue du —. I crossed the Pont Louis Quinze, a little before nine. Along the quai, on the southern side of the river, I found parties of the municipal *Guard à Cheval*, stationed to preserve order; and on turning into the Rue de —, I was soon arrested, by a *queue*, or train of carriages, formed, under the direction of the guard, in a line on one side of the street. Every two or three minutes, these carriages moved forward a few feet, then stopped, until some *voiture*, at the head of the line, a quarter of a mile off, could discharge its load at the hotel of the minister. On the other side of the street, a thoroughfare was kept open. From time to time, an equipage would dash down this closely-guarded way; and if recognised by the police to belong to a foreign minister, or a member of either chamber, was permitted to pass. Other carriages attempting the same thing, were invariably turned back, and, not unfrequently, after an angry struggle between the guards and the coachman. Despairing of reaching the hotel by this street, I directed

my driver to try the approach by the Rue du —. I gained little by the change. Finding that every moment added to the long and constantly increasing line, I ordered my carriage to be joined to the *queue*, as the last alternative. I folded my cloak over my breast, and amused myself with counterfeiting a resignation I was far from enjoying. Three quarters of an hour elapsed, before I reached the hotel. The entrance was brilliantly illuminated; and a large open square, a little to the left, was covered with pyramids of lamps. It was more than an hour since I left my lodgings, less than a mile distant.

I loitered a few minutes near the door of the ante-room, to listen to the names of those who entered; but the multitude was so great as to weary my attention. Indeed, the rooms were already crowded, and I concluded that most of the great personages likely to be present, had arrived before me. A series of five elevated and spacious apartments, opening into each other, extended through the whole length of the building. Beyond these, in the rear, a gallery, erected for the occasion, formed a magnificent promenade, capable of holding more than two thousand persons. The whole scene was one of most unusual splendor. The grandeur of the rooms, the richness of the hangings, the profusion of light from so many chandeliers, of the costliest workmanship, in gold and glass of the purest transparency, the indescribable variety and elegance of the female costumes, and the dazzling brilliancy of the military and diplomatic dresses, covered with decorations, formed a picture it is in vain to attempt to describe.

Two rooms only were prepared for dancing; the rest were carpeted. Following the crowd, I ascended a couple of steps, which led from the apartment I had first entered to the gallery in the rear. Here I succeeded in obtaining a position that commanded a view of the gallery, of the two dancing rooms, and the ante-room I had just left. Not far from me stood the Turkish ambassador. He was dressed in a rich oriental costume, which not even his dignified and noble figure could redeem from an air of eastern lasciviousness and effeminacy. If I viewed his dress with aversion, I beheld his face with equal astonishment. If ever man's countenance was made in the image of his Maker's, his might be said to have been. Full of serene thought and compassionate humanity, venerable with years, reflection was stamped in its every lineament. He stood apart from others, looking on the scene around him, mute, absent, unconcerned, to all appearance buried in deep meditation. Here, alone, among Christians, he was the solitary representative of a religion which once threatened to extinguish Christianity itself. He stood in the capitol of the European world. The ministers of a great king were in the assembly before him; the generals of his armies mingled in the crowd; all the beauty and fashion of his court were there, buoyant with life and health; and it seemed to me, I could read, in the silent expression of his face, the thoughts that passed through his mind. Admiration of the greatness of Christian civilization, and a profound desire to penetrate the mystery of its future history, seemed mingled with the melancholy reflections suggested by the contrast of its ascendant fortune with the decaying greatness of Mohammedan power, and the contemplation of his own fast perishing race. I gazed on the noble

countenance of this dignified old man, until, forgetting myself and the scene around me, I fell into a long reverie, suggested by his presence. I thought upon the grandeur and decline of nations, upon the various great religions of the past and present world, upon the weakness of man, his perishable existence and uncertain fate, until I became so deeply interested in the workings of my own fancy, as to turn with regret from one who had given rise to a train of such melancholy yet pleasing thoughts.

I passed into the gallery. A military dress of unusual splendor caught my eye. It was the uniform of a general of division, who had served under Bolivar! Here was the new world in the presence of the old. Liberty and America — despotism and the East! What a contrast!

Abandoning myself to the crowd, I moved with the current, examining the thousand figures which I passed. A very large force is always stationed in the capital; and as it is the policy of the king to court the favor of the army, by every species of attention, the saloons of the ministers are crowded with officers, dressed in the various uniforms of the different branches of the service. The number present on this occasion was even unusually great. French women, I speak of those one meets in the fashionable assemblies of the capital, it is well known are not generally handsome; but in grace, elegance, and the exquisite taste with which they dress, they excel the whole world. The vast majority are neither handsome nor ugly; the rest are beautiful or hideous. Those who filled the apartments of the Minister of the —, formed no exception to this remark. In my whole experience of the sex, I never encountered cases of more extravagant ugliness than were to be found in this brilliant assembly, and they were generally women of the greatest rank and fashion; and I have rarely, if ever, looked upon faces of a higher order of beauty, than were to be seen mingled in the same crowd.

Turning toward the dancing rooms, I found these apartments still more crowded than the rest; indeed, it was not until a late hour in the evening, that the company had withdrawn in sufficient numbers to allow the necessary space for the evolutions of the dance. The supper rooms, when thrown open a little after twelve, took off a great number, and many had by this time retired. The Duke de Nemours, second son of the king, was in the quadrille. His hair and complexion are light, and his face perfectly English in features and expression. He wore no sort of ornament on any part of his dress; and no attention shown to him by others, would have ever led a stranger to suspect that so important a person was among the guests of the minister. The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son, and heir to the throne, was also present; and I can mention nothing that will be so likely to give an idea of the total absence of all state upon similar occasions in France, as the fact, that I remained in the same rooms, throughout the whole evening, without being aware of his presence.

As my eyes glanced over the various figures of the dancers, one, a girl of some sixteen years, arrested my attention. Never before had I beheld a face of such surpassing loveliness. Her extreme youth would alone have distinguished her from the rest of the assembly.

An expression of girlish, unaffected enjoyment, beaming from a countenance of more than Grecian regularity, betrayed the almost childish delight which the music and the dance inspired. Her figure was radiant with beauty ; she seemed an angel descended upon the earth. Enchanted, spell-bound, by a vision of so much loveliness and innocence, I sought a position whence I might gaze unobserved upon her face, and contemplate, like some enthusiastic admirer of the great works of the ancient masters of painting, this *chef d'œuvre* of nature itself.

Two of the five rooms the farthest from the entrance, were occupied by the supper tables. These rooms had been thrown open some time ; and as many as could be accommodated, filled the tables ; others had succeeded in their turn. Between two and three in the morning, it was found necessary to close these apartments for a while, to give the waiters an opportunity to réarrange the tables, and make further preparations for feeding a multitude, who were in no humor to be contented, without a miracle, with a few loaves and fishes. These arrangements consumed some time. About three, I left the dancing apartments, and joining a friend, proceeded toward the farther end of the gallery, which led to the supper rooms. The most distant of the two was separated from it by a slender balustrade, very tastefully supported by vases, filled with rare and beautiful flowers. The only entrance to these rooms, was between two of the largest of these vases, and was scarcely wide enough to admit two persons abreast. This fragile partition was but little calculated to keep off a horde of impatient fasters, as will be seen in the sequel. We observed a crowd gathering toward the end of the gallery. An object of some interest evidently attracted it. The tide was setting in this direction, and the numbers increased from moment to moment. Passing beyond this entrance, to the extreme end of the gallery, we managed to obtain a position, whence, secure from the pressure, we could watch the movements of the crowd. The preparations for the reception of a fresh company were nearly completed ; and from time to time, some poor woman was squeezed through the crowd, and turned into the supper rooms. The vociferation of '*Place aux dames !*' and the various entreaties with which those who occupied positions near the door-way, were importuned to make room for the frail and hungry fair ones, who, instigated by some serpent of a beau, seemed, like other Eves, determined to gratify their appetites, though death itself should be the penalty, produced no little confusion. The crowd, still increasing, became at last so dense, as to render the passage of ladies entirely impracticable. Pressing from every direction toward the entrance, those who were near this point must have suffered extremely. Sullen expostulation and muttered curses, betrayed the agony of their position. It was with great difficulty those in front could keep the crowd from breaking down the barricade of vases which obstructed their entrance to the supper rooms. The numbers and the pressure continued to increase. It was evident that the resistance of those near the entrance could hold out but little longer. They already touched the barrier, which required but a touch to be overthrown. In spite of all their entreaties and resistance, the pressure was becoming every moment more severe. The

great vases forming the door-way, and the whole barrier, trembled, tottered, and in an instant, the whole fabric fell, with a startling crash, to the floor! Appalled at their own work, the invaders shrunk instinctively back. The little minister (he is scarcely five feet high,) happened to be at this time in the supper rooms, superintending, with Madame, the arrangement of the tables, and the accommodation of the ladies, who had entered through the crowd. Seizing, with the promptness of a great general, the critical moment, he charged in person and alone, against the invaders, and with violent gestures, and words half eutreaty and half reproach, actually forced the column of assailants back, almost to the very wall on the opposite side of the gallery. The ground being thus cleared of the enemy, troops of waiters instantly réerected the prostrate barrier, replaced the vases, which, being of wood, had escaped unbroken from the fall, and restored, with the skill of veterans, the shattered defences of the besieged; when Madame, the lady of the minister, seizing a chair, planted it in the breach, or passage way; and turning her back upon her guests, guarded, with the assistance of another lady seated near her, the entrance to these favored apartments!

This violent, indecorous scene, shows how easy it is for men, even in the most polished and elevated circles, to sink to more than clownish rudeness. A large number of those who formed the very front of this phalanx of Frenchmen, were evidently well bred men; but I must confess, that I remarked, here and there, certain *vieilles moustaches*, whose fierce, hungry looks, and gaunt forms, half persuaded me that they found much more congenial employment in this mimic assault of a supper room, than in any other of the amusements of the evening.

At length, Madame withdrew from the breach; and I entered the supper rooms in the rear of the party who had formed around the entrance, after the overthrow of the barriers, and their retreat before the minister. Here every thing was of the greatest elegance and luxury; the rarest and most costly dishes, whatever fancy or extravagance could suggest, abounded; the most expensive wines of Europe were alone served at tables prepared for thousands! For more than five hours, they were spread for a succession of guests, few of whom remained longer than ten minutes in their places.

I soon withdrew from a scene which lost its interest after the first *coup d'œil*. The gallery was now less oppressed with numbers, and the dancers began to move with greater ease in the two apartments allotted to their use. I strolled, with a friend, up and down the long promenade, and observed at more ease the various figures of the guests. Among the first persons whom we met, was our little minister, with a grand daughter of Lafayette on each arm; two blooming girls, with yellow hair, and blonde faces, of much sweetness and intelligence. Returning to the dancing-rooms, my attention was again rivetted by the beautiful girl whose extreme loveliness I have before attempted to describe. I watched her till she withdrew from the quadrille, and in a few minutes after, retired from the rooms.

It was nearly six when I left the hotel. My friend accompanied me. The impure atmosphere of the rooms, and the exhaustion of the evening, had produced a sort of feverish excitement, from which

I have always found relief in the cooling effects of the open air. We determined to walk to our lodgings. The court-yard and street were still crowded with carriages. Making our way, as we best could, over the wet and slippery pavement, we entered the *place* on the left. The illuminated pyramids, with their partly-extinguished lamps, threw a glare of irregular light over this deserted square. A few minutes brought us to the bridge in front of the Palais Bourbon. The Place de la Revolution lay directly in our way. In Paris, every inch of ground is full of history. We crossed the very spot on which Louis XVI., the Duke of Orleans, Barnave, the Girondists, the great personages of the revolution, had perished under the axe of the guillotine. The bloody and fantastic scenes of that wonderful drama, the great men of that great and memorable period, filled our imaginations. Our conversation turned from the splendid fête we had just left, to speculate on the future history of a people who had done and suffered so much in the cause of liberty. To our right, beyond those stately elms, and in a palace where the people had placed the red bonnet of Jacobinism on the royal brow of a son of Saint Louis, slept a king, no heir to the sceptre which he held, who, raised to the throne by the arms of the multitude, now oppresses them with a cunning despotism, worse than that hereditary slavery which the fury of the first revolution, in its passage, swept from the earth. The king recalled his minister back to our thoughts. The former, from the dukedom of Orleans, had reached the throne; the last, from an *employé* on a republican journal, earning a scanty subsistence by the hire of his pen, was in a few months to become one of the great ministers of an almost absolute prince, and distributed his invitations to balls that cost fifty thousand francs! The step was not so great from the Palais Royale to the Palace of the Tuilleries, as from the bureau of the newspaper, to the hotel of the Minister of the —.

SAYINGS OF BIAS.

EX SENTENTIIS SEPTEM SAPIENTUM.

WHAT is the greatest good? a mind which can
 Look in itself, and find its purpose pure;
 What the worst pest to man? his brother man,
 Whose pride delights to make his kind endure;
 Who's rich? who nothing wants; who's poor?
 The anxious wretch who's always wanting more:
 What's the best marriage dower? A modest life,
 Becoming both to maiden and to wife;
 Who's virtuously chaste? She of whose fame
 Report doth fear to lie, in dread of its shame:
 What marks the upright man? To do no wrong,
 When power, occasion, pretext, all are strong;
 What notes the fool? To wish, with mind unstable,
 To do a wrong, yet find himself unable.

A REVERIE.

BY LIEUT. ROBERT BURTS, UNITED STATES' NAVY.

A *son* of the ocean stood gazing on high,
 Where the tall tap'ring spars stretched away to the sky,
 And the wide-spreading sail caught the breath of the breeze,
 That so often had fanned her along the deep seas ;
 Then his full bosom heaved, and his eye then grew bright,
 For his country's gay pennant there greeted his sight,
 With its stripes of the morn, and its stars of the night,
 An Iris in peace, but a meteor in fight ;
 And he smiled as he thought how in victory's pride
 That banner triumphant was borne o'er the tide ;
 Though war swelled in thunder along the free air,
 To daunt the proud heroes that hoisted it there !

Still dashed the ship on, and the swift winds were free,
 And clear was the sky, and calm was the sea ;
 When 'Oh !' cried the sailor, in transports of bliss,
 'What object in life is more lovely than this ?
 The gaudiest warbler that sails through the air,
 Spreads never such pinions as those which fly there ;
 And where is the fish in the fathomless sea,
 That sweeps through its waters so graceful and free ?
 No steed of the desert, no light-limbed gazelle,
 No bird of the forest, no beast of the dell,
 Ever gladdened the eye, like a ship under sail,
 As she bows to the wave, or she bends to the gale !

'There's nothing,' he said, 'from the Pole's icy chain,
 To the shores where the Ganges rolls on to the main,
 There's nothing,' he said, 'that I've ever yet seen,
 More lovely in aspect, more graceful in mien ;
 There's nothing,' he said — but e'en as he spoke,
 A fairy-like touch the fond dreamer awoke ;
 He turned, and a pair of bright eyes met his own,
 That sparkled with love, yet reprov'ingly shone :
 And he smiled a sweet smile, as he caught to his breast
 His own dearest Mary, the girl he loved best ;
 'O forgive me,' he cried, and he sank on his knee,
 'I was wrong, but oh, never unfaithful to thee !
 Forgive me this once, and I promise no more
 To forget, for a moment, the girl I adore !'

VOLTAIRE: A SKETCH.

YES ! Phœbus and the Nine might all despair,
 Without the pen of BAYLE, to paint VOLTAIRE.
 A form Monboddo might with rapture hail,
 And beg to search minutely for the tail ;
 With scarce enough of muscle, nerve, or skin,
 To sheath the trenchant wit that lurked within,
 A wit that, like the tiger's velvet paw,
 In deadly gambols dealt the elastic claw ;
 And, not unworthy of that form, a face
 Made up of half expression, half grimace,
 That, struggling still to smother a concealed
 And latent scorn, what it would hide, revealed ;
 With eye that secrets from all bosoms wrung,
 And curling lip, that spoke without a tongue ;
 For all we love, loathe, seek, or shun, nor tear
 Nor smile had they, but for the whole, a sneer ;
 Features that fix, but freeze our gaze, and yet
 We must remember — but would fain forget.

RANDOM PASSAGES.

FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE MRS. SOPHIE MANNING PHILLIPS.

NUMBER THREE.

'PHILADELPHIA, February 13. — I've got 'the blues,' or *something!* My pulse keeps not time, this day, to wonted measures. Icicles hang dejectedly over the top of my dirty window, unwelcome to all but my baby, who 'lifts her hands, and eyes, and heart, and craves of them a gift.' The wind is playing a wintry dirge around my ears, and great snow-banks are rising, in fierce reality, against my meek-eyed phantasms of returning to West-Point. Sweet sound! blest spot! Have my senses, of a surety, drank in thy peerless beauty, day by day? Have thy grassy paths been soft under my feet? Have I yielded up my heart along thy river's bank, or at thy mountains' base, with all it knew of fulness and of praise? It is no dream I carry forever pictured in my bosom, of golden sunsets gliding to the waters; of far hills breathing out against the sky, in silent, silent greenness; of twilight's cool and fragrant-closing wing; of eve's first star, coming to sit in love, till morn, amidst the quiet heaven. Oh, balmy summer nights, wearing too much of fairy for long life, with what a hushed and eager breath have I stood listening to the music of that band! — now swelling in full, delicious harmony, till all the dewy air seemed floating o'er; now caught and loitering in bewitching play upon the voice of echo. White in my eyes, this night, crossed by the shadow of its trees in the moonlight, shines my happy cottage-front! Again I am there, at the window, by the door; the near-stirring leaves, the whippoorwill's note from the bank, are in my ear. I feel it to be beautiful, oh, beautiful! those grassy haunts, fit cradles for a soul's first holy thought, those mountain-thrones, the perfect work of God! Amidst the world's known, and by some considered overbalancing, deceits, snares, mockeries, and who, it would seem unavailing to follow the earthly walk of our chosen and remembered ones, with the spirit's pressing measure of fervent yet futile wishes. Why cry we peace to the bosoms whose hapless clay shuts out diviner ministrations? Yet there are some wandering sieurs, whom late I knew in all kindness, welcomed to my doors in all honesty, whereon my 'sweet charities' do fall like dew. Where-soever ye stray, brave hearts! my fair memory goes with you; not for a week, a month, but warmly, while the sun shines over you and me.

'14TH. — Fat Mr. C., our arch gourmand, is sick of a sore-throat. Paid him a visit this afternoon, advancing on tip-toe, and throwing all the sympathy I could command, into my benevolent inquiry of 'How do you find yourself, now, Mr. C.? Lifting toward me, from under a dotted silk head-kerchief, two most lamenting eyes, he replied, with dolorous impressiveness, *'I have n't eaten anything since Wednesday.'*

Snow, snow, snow! not descending fitfully and coquettishly, as if

trifling with sunshine, (winter's though it were !) but falling on the devoted earth in an unfailing, downright manner, wavering neither right nor left, till my soul grows shivering and sick within me, and I feel as if never more to be united with the objects of my mortal love and yearning. Distance seems twice distanced ; spring-time and its hopes, but a dear and envied mockery ; sweet-burthened summer, a passing, joyous queen, whose 'lap of flowers' is not for us to share ! *What do I here*, with never a dear voice to answer when I speak, and never a spirit flowing forth to meet my own, the weary or the glad ! Poor life, dim days, which yet I cannot spare from that allotment, written they say in heaven, against one's birth. Wish the people down stairs were n't so absolutely beyond all Christian encouragement. Sweet Grace ! how serene she appeared at dinner, in her starched black silk gown, dead-crimson scarf, lace mittens, and hair à la porcupine. Invited, to-night, to the theatre, to see 'La Sornambula,' but never *could* do any thing except cry, when it snows ; ergo, shant attend theatre. Snow's my bugbear. As for 'sleighing,' I consider it the most savage proposition that can be made by one civilized member of society to another. Used always, in snow season, to plunge home from school, with my head hanging down on my breast, my mouth shut tight together, and a melancholy at my heart, said to distinguish the first stage of hydrophobia. I wonder if, at this minute, my image is with the memory of any one whom I love ? Who thinks of me this hour, in blessed kindness ? Upon whose lips liveth my unworthy name ? What heart, divided from my side, should quicken with pleasure to be near me again ? Pray heaven I live to be once more surrounded with spirits whose presence is a welcome, whose blessed influence is felt, in every flying moment !

'Saw a horse flourishing past the window to-day, whose bold and showy canterings were prematurely spoiled by his violently knocking one hoof against another. The hurt leg suddenly thrust out from the rest, and several awkward limps thereafter, gave evident token of agony. Remembering late contacts of my own ankles with the great long rockers of a certain chair, up stairs, I held my breath in sympathy with the poor brute, as long as I could see him, then followed him yet on, to the sanctuary of the manger, annoyed by the conviction, that a horse can never know the consolation of rubbing himself when he is hurt.'

We have already spoken of the minute observation of character and events, and the pleasant vivacity, that so frequently characterize the 'passages' which form the matériel of these papers. Few, who knew the writer, can peruse them, without calling up before them, her arch eye and speaking face, the gems of wit which seemed to sparkle from her lips, and the rich music of her joyous, infectious laugh. If her gayety was sometimes assumed, when, as will have been seen, her heart was pining in loveliness, or for an interchange of that human sympathy, with which it was overflowing, it is but an evidence of that accommodating sweetness of disposition, for which she was remarkable. The following poetical, epistolary mosaic, addressed to a distinguished military professor and author, at West,

Point, will afford an added proof of the great versatility of the writer's style :

Philadelphia, Evening, March 30th, 1836.

TO MR. — , WEST-POINT.

It is the hour when from the board
The tea-things are removed away ;
It is the hour when lamps afford
The light that is denied by day ;
But it is not to muse at the twilight fall,
That I have left our dining-hall ;
And 'tis not to sew on my baby's hood,
Though my hands expect a work as good.

Fair Sir, it is to write to you, I'm sitting in my chair ;
My work'd French cape is on my neck, my band is round my hair ;
For if the bell should ring, and John should usher in a beau,
And bring his card to Mrs. P — , she must go down, you know !

Not that beaux leave so frequently a friend or a cigar,
To seek a widow's company, beneath the evening star ;
But now and then some passer calls, to quote the latest prints,
And sure, the effect one then must have, depends upon one's chintz !

And here I beg the privilege, in words both plain and brief,
To mention something which to me would be a great relief ;
It is to make my bundles up, and so go out of town,
Where I could take the liberty to wear a faded gown.

For hair that's à la Grecian knot, and waists made à la Turk,
Do vastly well on gala days, or the day not made for work ;
But frills and edgings, silk and lace, stand only sorry chance,
Where fond mamma is teaching her first baby for to dance !

Well, I've little to tell you, do all that I can,
Of aught new or funny here, Mr. MA — N ;
I'm in a high chamber that's back o' the house,
Where I shun the world's trappings, and live like a mouse.

Dame S — r, thou knowest, is outwardly slim,
But her brain is a sound one, and fill'd to the brim ;
And she lying sick a-bed, round us likewise,
At 'sixes and sevens,' as they say, every thing lies !

The cook drops her chickens, and threatens vacation,
The people can't stay where there's chance of starvation ;
The porter and waiters, not having 'a head,'
Swear as to live so, they as lief would be dead !

Confusion confounded through every room
Rides o'er us all day, like a witch on a broom ;
But I trust before long this unhappy hodge-podge
Will be turn'd to plain pudding, by learn'd Dr. Hodge :

Who comes every morning with lancet and pill,
With 'one pound of powder, to water one gill,'
And all sorts of mixtures, in measure discreet,
To set our poor hostess again on her feet.

Once more she's '*re-chartered* !' — to Nicholas Biddle
We'll play, not the second, but just the 'first fiddle'
With cries of rejoicing, and candles in rows,
We'll break of the midnight its solemn repose.

And also at table, again of plum-cake,
Which lately is wanting, a slice we will break ;
And black tea and green tea in health shall go round,
To our landlady musing, that was, but is found.

Though early the season, and colder than ice,
By travellers our rooms will be filled in a trice;
My long-slumbering eyes expectation are proving,
To judge by the *trunks*, there's a caravan moving!

I think I'll go down, in the hope to procure
Some food for my letter, that's starved, to be sure!
New faces, new faces! — 't is aye my delight
To peel off their 'varnish,' for wrong or for right.

Au revoir. Two young women, a tall and a short one,
The short, an intelligent, or sure would be thought one;
There's nobody told me her strokes had been felt,
But she has a gold pencil tuck'd under her belt!

The other speaks soft, parts her hair on one side,
Her breath comes in sighs, and her walk is a glide,
As if she were hinting, 'In heaven and earth
There's more than you dream of,' who sit by the hearth.

Escort of the maids, if he be not their sire,
A monstrous fat gentleman looks in the fire;
And bold in his name, to the winds here I toss
The axiom that 'fat people never are cross!'

Adieu! — there's valises and people in plenty,
To fill, not one sheet overflowing, but twenty;
But late is the season, my eyes give me warning
To blow out my candle, and slumber till morning.

Present me all round, in the liveliest affection,
To your every friend and your every connexion;
Will you tell Mr. — I've enough love for two men,
Sent here from his house, by a parcel of women.

Of our halcyon spring-weather, I only can say,
It hailed and snowed yesterday, rained some to-day;
At present the moon would shine, but for her sorrow,
To see a great storm getting up for to-morrow!

'15TH. — The walls of our house, *ici, chez Mad. S* — , are apparently about two inches thick, which I think must account for the continuity of colds I've enjoyed for the last five months — nasal, catarrhal, ossivorous, respiratory, and compounded. Wonder I'm alive to speak it, for a more unhealthy edifice than this I have the pleasure to inhabit, 'rears not its brazen front' in the world. From November to January, I wore the 'sober livery' of the intermittent-fever family. Thanks to Providence and Dr. P — , at this present writing, I've a 'clean tongue,' which all have not; my veins are filling with the flood of life; sleep waiteth on mine eyes at night, I wait upon hot cakes and butter in the morning. Phials, not of wrath but of vitriol and sweet nitre, are gone from my shelf over the fire-place; people have done sending me custards and quince jellies; and I begin to think about a spring-bonnet, having given away a late purchase of the sort, thinking I should n't live to want it. What would become of us, without Hope, the bright, the fond, the unwearied? Hope, whom we call 'phantom' and 'cruel,' that sits laughing amidst her garden, crowned empress of its flowers, holding aloft their blossoms in the sun, that we may see how fair! It seemeth as a dream, my long, long sickness among strangers; dismal and hard

enough, at the time, to bear; but assuredly, lie where we will in weakness, we rejoice in health. *There day telleth unto day, and night unto night, with an equal pace; and so when we sit us down at length, to think thereon, it matters nothing.* Mortality clings to its ties, and setteth up ever, away from the shade, its coveted idols of riches, or pleasures, or length of days. But with the chill of disappointment, cometh perhaps a colder heart to feel it, and to bear.'

'Saw a man this morning in a musty brown coat, old slouched hat, and crooked boots, yet seemed he more lovely in my eyes than the daintiest loungee in Chestnut-street, for after him trailed a ladder, and in his hands was a pair of pruning shears, wherewith, stopping under a tree in the public walk, he began nipping away the unseemly and dead branches, preparing, blessed be heaven! for the gales, and buds, and birds of spring!' * * 'Miss Murphy, my baby's white nurse, recounting her last night's dream to me, about *the Indians*, with all the gesture and fervor peculiar to Erin's speakers, thus concluded her inauspicious vision: 'And at last, ma'am, a big Indian that wanted me to marry him, stud over me with a knife, and siz he, (myself a-screeching and begging,) now *profess black*, or die!'

'Long walk this morning. Met divers city belles, with cherry-colored cheeks and noses, and black muffs, all hastening on their momentous commissions of ribbon-buying, or returning calls. Remember nothing else of note, except some boys and dogs fighting in front of a large edifice called 'Harmony-Hall!' No snow to-day, beyond what has lain on the ground since Christmas. Sun, cheery and warming; air, soft and promising; felt its influence, for the first time in many a long week, 'go (as they say) to the right place.' Exercise opened my pores, and benevolence my bosom. Miss L —, to my sweetened fancies, limbered down from an iron poker to a wooden broom-stick; our students ascended from the scale of pigs to the grade of monkeys. Forgave Mary — her neglect, and bought a little tin-kettle for mon petite Miss P —. Then was the time for a chimney-sweep to have asked me for a penny!' * * 'How strange it does seem to me, that any thing with breath in its nostrils, like mine, a heart, and head, and *hair*, and otherwise resembling the human frame divine, should be content to live behind a small counter in Watertown-street, and sell molasses candy! Bought some there, by this token, of a woman, to-day.

'Some one decrying the weather, 'I'm always in good spirits!' shrieked Miss L —, looking round on the company in a sunny way, and backing her assertion by an elaborate grin. And to show what good spirits she's in, Miss L — flies screaming to the window, at the sound of every mob and sleigh-bell, goes bouncing every now and then through the entries, with the noise of a fire-engine, warbling, at the top of her choral strains, 'Begone, dull Care,' or 'Behold, how brightly breaks the Morning,' slams all the doors, and walks out every day in the snow, before breakfast. Short 'pow-wow,' which I heard to-day between M'lle and Doctor H —, who is reported to be suffering Cupid in that quarter.

‘Arch street’s a pretty street, don’t you think so, Miss L ——?’
(with an insinuating side look.)

‘Miss L —— . ‘*Very!*’ (for Grace is emphatic.) ‘Very much so, indeed! — *remark-*ably so!’

‘Dr. H —— . ‘I think Arch-street is prittier than Chisnut.’

‘Miss L —— . ‘Much, *much* prettier! — there’s no com-PAR-ison in summer.’

‘Dr. H —— . ‘Chisnut-street is violent noisy! — but it’s more frequented than Arch-street.’

‘Miss L —— , apparently uncertain, after this, on which street it was safest to fix her preferences, began winding thread, at which apex I left the tender pair.’

‘17TH. — Dark, cold, forlorn! Snow falling again, as if for the first time this winter, whereas it has snowed like mad, every born day since Christmas! Lucky I took that walk by the forelock, yesterday. Nobody, thank the Lord! can take that fresh air out of my nostrils! The warm blood did visit my veins, in a healthful glow, the ground *did* leave my feet with a speed and lightness, as of olden times. I made acquaintance with the woman in Waterton-street, and came home to dinner with a frame and fancies most excellently adapted to the discussion of the divers edibles spread out on Madame S ——’s table. Yes, lucky I went out into the sunshine thrown to us yesterday, like a bone of contention between two growling days. What to do *now*? Stand almost any thing — cold room, separation, baby’s red hair, sickness in a strange land; but another harrowing, curdling, whitening *snowy day*, indeed, I give up! As Miss Murphy hath it, ‘*I profess black!*’ Work-basket, books, piano, olive branch itself, are neither more nor less in my eyes than nothing at all. That dismal great side of the United States’ Bank, staring me forever in the face, ‘forgets itself to marble,’ but I continue in the flesh, a shrinking, shivering witness to the

‘blasts that fling,
Unlooked for winter on the face of spring.’

‘How idle this hour; how thin, beyond a shadow, seem all the heart’s romantic trusts of love, of remembrance, of the ineffable union which absence toucheth not. Life, life! — thou fleeting breath! — thou worshipped mist and dew! See how our struggling human souls and hands, forgetting, dropping all, do cling and clasp to thee! How we follow up and about, all day, the beloved feet arising every morning in our presence; how we pine and yearn amidst the household, for some absent face, which when returned, we yet some time must leave, or that shall be called to leave us. And I make one among the thronging denizens of a loveless city, who, if I were buried to the eyes in a snow-drift, would gather round with their hands in their pockets, and wonder who I belonged to!’

‘18TH. — Went out yesterday; met a woman, buried to the chin in fur, with purple cheeks, nose as red as a beet, and bonnet trimmed,

inside and out, with *roses*! A long row of these queens of the garden sprang, in surprising abundance, from the crown, while buds of the most promising size and quantity, nestled together in different corners, under the shelter of the 'fore-part.' * * 'Another fair creature, lying quite across the pavement, with no flowers about her, but a few shouting school-boys, particularly attracted my attention. She was apparently suffering under the prostration so often caused by the reaction of too, *too* ardent spirits. Had my usual walk this morning, too, and saw nothing, not even the people and carts, nor the calico which I went out to buy, and which was thrust between my eyes a dozen times by the demoiselle in waiting. 'My thoughts were elsewhere' — leagues away. 'T is very funny, this outward and inward separation! — the mind, and memory, and affections, departing to other climes and creatures; the body going up and down Chestnut-street!

'20TH. — Rain to-day, instead of snow. What a relief! Hear there's to be a mob on Monday night, for the purpose of pulling down the United States' Bank. Our near neighborhood to the devote dedifice, makes the hope not too presumptuous, that we stagnant boarders shall share in the stirring enjoyment of the appointed 'spree.' Never believed I should come to such a pass, as to hail as an entertainment the destruction of so beautiful a building!

Fine locale I'm in, for the growth of a *Journal*! Kept in close confinement, like a Bengal tiger, by the weather; nothing to feed on but a few poorish animals, shut up in the same cage, or my own heart, which is said to be cruel eating. Mrs. R——, by the way, continues her severe regimen on sponge-cake. Mem. Always help myself hereafter to cake, before bread and butter.

'There's the moon, as I'm alive! the blessed, lovely moon! smiling in safe and quiet distance from the snowy, dreary earth. Young queen and fair! — with the first sight of thee, to-night, come straight to my bosom some memories of gentlest eves gone by — some feelings born of life's dearest and best. I will remember for ever!'

'SUNDAY, 21ST. — This day, alas! is marked by the sickness of my baby. Heavy and sad are her guileless eyes, and the white bosom which knows no sin, yet is paying sin's penalty, in restless motion and uneasy breath, this hour. Now peace be with thee, playmate! and spirits, visible or unseen, bring thee healing on their wings! A worthless world thou'rt come to, with thine unspotted innocence upon thee as a garment! Yet stay thee here, sweet voice, and little hand! Thy mother's soul without thee, child of love! were as a winter sepulchre.

AMIDST all the loneliness of heart — in the absence of the oak around which the ivy would fain have twined — there was one 'dewy, sweet blossom' of being, which formed alike a pleasant care, and an effective solace, in days of gloom; that 'child-angel,' whose innocent sleep, when it was yet scarce a span long, was watched over by a fond mother, as only a mother can watch, at the little stone cot-

tage at West Point, while she breathed forth a wealth of maternal affection, in lines of melting pathos and surpassing harmony :

STANZAS.

* Tread lightly, for 't is beautiful !*

BREATHE low ! thou wind that wakest the leaves,
And soft ye birds ! o'ersweeping my eaves,
And veil thee half, thou light o' the morn,
With shade of the weaving branches born,
And thus descend on a breast to lie,
That never hath open'd to sin nor sigh.

And come ye feet that are fain to trace,
This hour, the round of an innocent place,
And eyes, a-weary of age and pride,
And of all linked only with *earth*, beside,
Come, see the pillow of chosen love,
Where hath dropt in quiet the journeying dove !

There's a breath astir in my chamber lone,
Of blameless lips unto slumber gone ;
There's a bosom at rest whereon kisses of mine
Fall fervent and soft, but they sully the shrine,
For naught of the world, and its years defil'd,
Seems meet for that altar, my spotless child !

I have words, fond words, from the fountains clear
Round the soul which shower, for thy gentle ear :
Pleasant are they, but they move thee not,
Perchance unheeded, or all forgot ;
And what is the touch of my hand to thee,
Midst the angel-arms round thy dreams that be !

And my love, oh, my love ! must *that* delay,
Nor follow aright on thy gleaming way ?
Loos'd from the circle of mortal bound,
Do thy feet show white on the fairy-ground ;
And thy robes, are they swelling with happier gales
Than caught their sweet folds in the earth's green vales ?

My pure bow'd blossom ! as here I stand,
And thou away to the dreamy land,
Waiting thy lips midst the scented flowers,
I deem there's a summer more bright than ours,
And a smile thou wilt waft from that fairer sphere,
Back on the heart that enshrines thee here.

I may not come with my yearning eyes,
Where the slumber breaks from thy soul's dear guise,
But this I know, oh, image of light !
All folded thus in thy garments white,
That all who are treading the world's broad path,
Who glance in scorn, or mantle in wrath,

Whose pride of youth is upon them now,
The exulting step, and the thoughtless brow,
Or whose days are descending life's shaded sky,
With their burthen dim of mortality,
Seem ever of hope, of brightness shorn,
Beside the clear halo of thy young morn !

They may reach that shore where the hills rejoice,
They may catch the sound of the seraph's voice,
And wash, albeit with latest tears,
The wrongs and sins of departed years ;
But can they rise — can the marvel be —
And face the true Heaven with a mien like thee ?

LITERARY NOTICES.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. By J. G. LOCKHART. In two volumes, 8vo. pp. 1360. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

It struck us, when we first heard Mr. LOCKHART was about to write the life of SIR WALTER SCOTT, that a very important task had fallen into the hands of an improper person, and that the work, in the end, would have to be done over again. The result has fully justified this expectation; for while the book is unquestionably one of interest — with Mr. Lockhart's means, and Mr. Lockhart's talents, it could not well have been otherwise — it is false in principles, dangerous to the young, and far from being free from the imputation of mystification and insincerity. We believe, notwithstanding what has just been said, that the effect of this biography has been to lessen that blind respect for the character of Scott, which sprang up as a natural consequence of his unprecedented literary popularity, rather than as a consequence of investigation and facts, by exposing motives that are never admitted by the upright, and never avowed by the sensitive; but, we believe, at the same time, that this result has been unlooked for by Mr. Lockhart; for we think it sufficiently obvious, that in all those cases in which he has rendered Scott most obnoxious to the censures of the discriminating, he has been totally unconscious himself of the conclusions to which all right-thinking men must arrive. It is true, Mr. Lockhart occasionally appears to have a lively consciousness that Scott could and did sometimes grievously err; but, in the very face of his own testimony, in the summing up of his case, he claims for his father-in-law a character for worth and probity, that is utterly irreconcilable with his own facts. This circumstance constitutes the predominant moral defect of the book; for when such a conclusion is audaciously drawn from such premises, the world sustaining, or quietly submitting to, the justness of the former, we are not to be surprised if we find the young and inexperienced following in footsteps that are made to appear hallowed. We think it time that the voice of truth should be heard, in this matter; that those old and venerable principles which have been transmitted to us from God himself, should be fearlessly applied; and that public attention should be drawn to the really distinctive traits of Scott, in order that public opinion may settle down in decisions that are neither delusive nor dangerous. The limits of a monthly periodical will not allow full justice to be done to the subject, but we may have space enough to set inquiry on foot, and to give some check to the progress of fallacies and falsehoods.

Some who are entirely disposed to acquiesce in the justice of our opinions, may feel a wish to inquire into the *cui bono* of the exposures we are about to make; for the admiration of Scott's talents is so general and profound, that the imagination, in such instances, prefers to cherish a delusion, in preference to giving up one of its own most pleasing pictures. The answer is not difficult to find. In the first place, the failings, not to use a harsher term, of Sir Walter Scott, have been paraded before the world, in a way that really seems to bid defiance to principles; and, in their very

teeth, we are called on to venerate a name that, in a moral sense, owes its extraordinary exaltation to some of the most barefaced violations of the laws of rectitude, that ever distinguished the charlatanism of literature. We think it time that some one should step forward in defence of truth. In the next place, Sir Walter Scott is not entitled to the benefit of the venerable axiom of '*Nil nisi bene de mortuis*,' since he commanded that his personal history should be published, and designated his biographer. A man has a perfect right to order his life to be given to the world, certainly, but after thus openly courting investigation, no one can claim in his behalf, that he is to be protected against just criticism, by the grave. Sir Walter Scott did more; he transmitted materials to his biographer, for this very work, and materials that reflect injuriously, and in many instances unjustly, on third persons; materials, too, that he knew would be published after he himself was removed from earthly responsibility; and least of all can it be said, that they who have been injured by the strictures of Sir Walter Scott, in this reprehensible manner, have not a perfect right to show their want of value. The very fact of designating a biographer, unless in extraordinary instances, infers something very like a fraud upon the public, as it is usually placing one who should possess the impartiality of a judge, in the position of an advocate, and leaves but faint hopes of a frank and fair exhibition of the truth. Nor does this cover all our objections. Mr. Lockhart, as we shall soon, and we think, unanswerably show, was one of the last men that Sir Walter Scott should have selected for this office, by his antecedents, his long connection with a periodical that was conceived, and which has been continued, in fraud; circumstances that no person, *according to his own admissions*, knew better than Sir Walter Scott, and which disqualify him for the task, since a man can no more maintain a connection with a publication like the Quarterly Review, which is notoriously devoted to profligate political partisanship, reckless alike of truth and decency, and hope to preserve the moral tone of his mind, than a woman can frequent the society of the licentious, and think to escape pollution. We are not now following the loose example of the periodical we have mentioned, by dealing in unmeaning and frothy epithets, but that which we assert, we shall prove; and as our present object is connected with the sacred cause of truth and human rights, it shall be our aim to do it in the simple manner that best advances both. There is one more reason to be offered, why we think Sir Walter Scott, in this matter, is entitled to the benefit of no other considerations than those of abstract justice, and that is his *Diary*. In this *Diary* he comments freely and loosely on others, and yet he tells us that he has sworn never to erase a line that had once been written in it! We have even a right to infer, from the text and context, that some of these entries were made when his mind was not exactly in a fit condition to comment on others, and we find reason to believe, from the *Diary* itself, that he looked forward to its future publication.

In addition, we shall add another reason for the existence of this article. Happening lately to allude to the deception of giving letters of introduction, with private marks to apprise the correspondent that he was not to heed the words of the communication, we were astounded at finding the practice defended by a remark, that 'Sir Walter Scott did it.' It is indeed time to inquire into the moral value of Sir Walter Scott, when we find his example quoted as justifying such baseness, instead of his name's being involved in obloquy, as a consequence of the offence against the plainest laws of morality and truth! As our limits compel us at once to commence our strictures on the book, or rather on Scott's character, we shall begin with this case of the false letters of introduction, premising that all our quotations and references will be found in CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD'S octavo edition of the work before us.

At page 462, volume 1st, in a letter to his brother Thomas, Sir Walter Scott says: 'Dear Tom: I observe what you say as to Mr. * * * ; and as you may be often exposed to similar requests, which it would be difficult to parry, *you can sign such letters of introduction as relate to persons you do not delight to honor, short, 'T. Scott,' by which abridgment of your name, I shall understand to limit my civilities.*' Here is an unequivocal invitation to give letters that shall express on their face recommendations that are contradicted by a private mark. A similar arrangement is also recommended, unless we are mistaken, to Mr. Morrit, but we do not look it out, since we deem one such fact as clearly illustrative of the scale of moral integrity in a man, as a thousand. No reflection is necessary to characterize such an act. He who is not shocked at the fraud, the instant he is told of it, has reason to distrust himself, for he may rely on it, he is wanting in the very elements of honesty. Reflection only makes the matter worse. If the marks do not contradict the words of the letter, they are clearly unnecessary; if they do contradict the words of the letter, they become a deliberate falsehood, and a falsehood that is so much the worse, as it is connected with treachery, cloaked in the garb of friendship. We admit that this crime, for such it is, against all the laws of honor and truth, may be aggravated, or extenuated, by circumstances, like all crime; but it is inherently foul, and every way unworthy of a man of high literary fame. The practice is said to be by no means unusual; and we do not doubt it. Lying, which forms its essence, is the commonest of human vices; but it will be conceded, that it is an extraordinary mode of vindicating a man's claims to rare virtue, by showing that his failings are of the most ordinary kind. The pretension in behalf of Sir Walter Scott is to *uncommon*, and not to *common* qualities. How easy would it have been for Mr. Thomas Scott to have given a letter, generally and simply expressed, which should mean what it said, and which should not impose any great trouble on his brother; but this might have lost both the parties a supporter! No one can have confidence in a mind so constructed as not to revolt at the admission of such a deception, and we shall soon see how thoroughly the propensity to advance his interests by such means, pervaded the character of our subject. If Sir Walter Scott advised false letters of introduction, to save himself from the risk of showing a little bootless civility, who can doubt that he resorted to the same expedient in more important matters? We now propose to show how completely the vein of insincerity ran through his entire moral system.

Were we to select any one letter of Scott's, among all those published by Mr. Lockhart, as completely illustrative of the man, we should take that to Mr. Gifford, on the subject of establishing the Quarterly Review. Its length prevents our extracting it entire; but it will be found on page 328, vol. 1., and we earnestly entreat the reader to turn to it himself, and to peruse it with care. This letter is Scott, from the commencement to the end; being full of talents, worldly prudence, management, false principles, insincerity, mystification, and moral fraud. The *professed* object in establishing the Review, was to set up another tribunal of taste, sound principles, and just criticism in literature. This was what the world had a perfect right to expect, and a perfect right to insist on. Any deliberate or premeditated departure from such a plan, was inherently a fraud; a wrong done to the laws of truth and justice, and consequently a violation of the standards of morality. Any advantage obtained to a collateral and unavowed object, was an advantage obtained under false pretences. Now we learn by this letter, the deep-laid scheme of deception that was practised on the public, the wily and unjustifiable manner in which the real ends were to be obtained, in gradually gaining the confidence of the world, by concealing the true object, until in possession of the public ear by a course

of upright reviewing, the periodical might turn its batteries insidiously on those it was designed to injure. All this we learn from Scott himself, in the most unanswerable manner; though he presents his artifices with so much skill, as to require clear moral perceptions, to see at once the whole deformity of the procedure. It was alleged that the Edinburgh had embarked in politics, abusing its professions also, and that it was necessary to counteract its influence by a similar publication. The fair and honest course would have been, to assail the political opinions of the Edinburgh directly, trusting to reason and facts for success; and so Scott tacitly admits himself, for he censures the fraud of the Edinburgh loudly, and certainly he could not have believed that any fault of Mr. Jeffrey's could justify a fault of Sir Walter Scott's. We repeat the invitation to the reader, to turn to the letter itself; to peruse it with care; to reflect on what the governing motive of one concerned in establishing such a work ought to be; to see what that avowed by Scott actually was; and we leave the result to his own judgment. In order, however, to point out how deep-laid was the fraud, we make a few extracts, ourselves: *'It would not certainly be advisable that the work should assume, especially at the outset, a professed political character. On the contrary, the articles on science and miscellaneous literature ought to be of such a quality, as might fairly challenge competition with the best of our contemporaries.'* BUT AS THE REAL REASON OF INSTITUTING THE PUBLICATION, IS THE DISGUSTING AND DELETERIOUS DOCTRINES, WITH WHICH THE MOST POPULAR OF OUR REVIEWS DISGRACES ITS PAGES, IT IS ESSENTIAL TO CONSIDER HOW THIS WARFARE SHALL BE MANAGED.' 'At the same time, as I before hinted, *it will be necessary to maintain the respect of the public by impartial disquisition*, and I would not have it said, as may usually be predicated of other reviews, that the sentiments of the critic were less determined by the value of the work, than by the purposes it was written to serve.' 'I should think, *an open and express declaration of political tenets, or of opposition to works of a contrary tendency, ought, for the same reason, to be avoided.'* Of the deep deception proposed in this letter, it is unnecessary to speak; but what are we to think of Mr. Gifford, as well as of Scott, when, the subject of establishing a Review being in discussion between them, the latter gravely reminds the former, that *'it will be necessary to maintain the respect of the public by impartial disquisition'*— meaning, only, too, as we shall unanswerably show, presently, until the public confidence was obtained? It strikes us very much as if two well-dressed fellows should go out into the world, with an understanding that they would be on their good behaviour, until they got into a set where gold snuff-boxes might reward their light-fingered dexterity. We are not surprised at learning this history of the Quarterly, for we are familiar with its motives, and know its character among the intelligent in England; but we do confess astonishment at the coolness of the impudence with which it is related by the editor of the periodical himself! Sir Walter speaks of the 'disgusting and deleterious doctrines of the Edinburgh,' but we are to understand by this merely the slang of party, and not a high moral aim, as a brief consideration of the facts will show. The Quarterly is Tory; the Edinburgh Whig. The first party taught the doctrine of undue deference to rank, of perpetuating the institutions, which was perpetuating an aristocratical polity, of obedience and homage to the king to cloak the power of the nobles, and of submission to the thousand abuses that belong to such a system. Now, the sincerity with which Scott held such doctrines, may, in a measure, be gathered from his own words. It has often been remarked, that they who are servilely submissive to the great in public, take their revenge by abusing them in private; and we quote the following as proof not only of the existence of this trait in Scott, but of his real sentiments concerning those in whose behalf he was so anxious to counteract 'the disgusting and deleterious doctrines' of the Edinburgh.

In a letter to Mr. Ellis, a brother reviewer, by the way, page 351, vol. i., he says: 'This (a peace) if his (Napoleon's) devil does not fail him, he will readily patch up, and send a few hundred thousands among our coach-driving noblesse, and perhaps among our princes of the blood.' 'It is not these (the Burdettites,) whom I fear, however; it is the vile and degrading spirit of égoïsme, (selfishness) so prevalent among the higher classes, especially among the highest. God forgive me, if I do them injustice, but I think champagne, duty free, would go a great way to seduce some of them, etc., etc.' Again, in a letter to Mr. Morritt, page 479, vol. i., he says: '*What a miserable thing it is, that our royal family cannot be quiet and decent, at least, if not correct and moral, in their deportment.*' What a miserable thing it is, indeed, that a man like Scott should have sold himself, principles and talents, to people such as he has here described! Let us fancy, for a moment, paragraphs like those we have just quoted, in the pages of the Quarterly, in place of the infamous and corrupt slanders that publication has notoriously lavished on all opposed to its party, and imagine the result!

But to return to the history of this review, as it is connected with Scott. Bad as were the motives avowed, and unjustifiable as was the proposed mode of proceeding, it seems there was a wheel within a wheel, and that Scott deceived Gifford, as he wished Gifford to deceive the public. It is altogether a curious and melancholy specimen of profound deception, which Mr. Lockhart naïvely qualifies by the word 'frankness!' In a letter to his brother Thomas, page 332, vol. i., Scott draws aside the veil, and we find the real reason of his agency in establishing the Quarterly, which appears to have been entirely, or, in a great measure, at least, personal. In urging his brother to contribute, he says: 'He (Gifford) made it a stipulation, however, that I should give all the assistance in my power, especially at the commencement, to which I am, *for many reasons*, nothing loth.' 'Constable, or rather that bear his partner, (who published the Edinburgh,) has behaved to me of late not very civilly, and I owe Jeffrey a flap with a fox-tail, on account of his review of *Marmion*, and thus doth the whirligig of time bring about my revenges.'

We have said that Scott, by his advice to maintain 'impartial disquisition' in the Review, did not even mean to urge a principle, which most honest men would have taken for an insult, but merely a temporary expedient, by which to obtain the public confidence; and we shall now prove it, by his own acts and his own words. In order to do so, we refer to page 370, vol. i., where, in a letter to Mr. Ellis, he says: 'I have run up an attempt on the 'Curse of Kehama,' for the Quarterly; a strange thing it is — the Curse I mean — and the critique is not, as the blackguards say, worth a damn; but what I could, I did, which was to throw as much weight as possible upon the beautiful passages, of which there are many, and to slur over the absurdities, of which there are not a few.' 'This said Kehama affords cruel openings for the quizzers, and I suppose will get it roundly in the Edinburgh Review. I would (should) have made a very different hand at it indeed, had the order of the day been *four déchirer.*'

All this was worthy of a Grub-street hack. In the first place, we see the utter want of principle, which palms off on the public dishonest reviewing, and then follows the miserable salvo for his own talents, by declaring what he *would* have done himself, had not the unjustifiable course he had actually taken, been part of the system. We hope all the devout believers in the Quarterly Review, of whom still a few truckling temperaments remain in this country, will ponder well on these matters; and it may help to liberate their faculties if they are told, that nothing is better understood in England, than the fact, that the publication in question was early discovered to be nothing but a party print, got up in the form of a review.

But a word remains to be said. This review of the 'Curse' was written *after the public confidence had been obtained*, by 'impartial disquisition,' thus carrying out the fraud *in extenso*!

But the whole history of the Quarterly Review is eloquence itself on the subject of Scott's motives, advice, and character, so far as he was connected with its establishment. In the first place, we have his letter to Gifford, a production every way unworthy of a man of probity, and still more so of a literary man; then his revelations to Thomas Scott, betraying a fraud on his brother in the original fraud, and his own precious confessions of the spirit in which he himself played the reviewer in this very periodical, so openly made, moreover, to a brother of the craft, as to leave no doubt that the practice was common. To complete the matter, the whole is laid before the world by the editor of the very review in question, with a *sang froid* that is altogether in keeping with the rest of the transaction! It is known that soldiers get to be so indifferent to fire, by exposure, as to disregard batteries, and it is fair to presume that a man can become so dead to the ordinary moral sensibilities, by too long familiarity with the practices of a publication like the Quarterly, as to fancy he is merely doing a clever thing, while all just men believe him a knave. There is another curious affair connected with Scott's letter to Ellis. It is without date, although, in general, Mr. Lockhart is so particular as to give dates, even when he gives mere extracts from the letters of his father-in-law. This letter is complete, from 'Dear Ellis,' down to 'Ever Yours,' *but it has no date*. It is certainly possible that Scott may have forgotten to date this particular letter, though there is one circumstance which induces us to suspect that the date has been suppressed, not *pour déchirer*, but, *pour cause*. We think the date has been suppressed, lest it should be seen that Scott had actually written the review on Southey, *previously to the date of the letter on an adjoining page*, in which he tells Southey that he had not seen his poem, but that Ballantyne, who was printing it, had excited his impatience by the accounts he gave of its beauties. Were the letter to Southey actually written subsequently to the letter to Ellis, the exposure would probably have been too strong, even for Mr. Lockhart's nerves. We are aware our suspicions would be unkind, or even unjustifiable, without more positive evidence, in the case of a man of established probity and sincerity of character; but neither Mr. Lockhart nor Sir Walter Scott can now come before the world with any pretensions to be superior to suspicions of this nature. Not to travel out of the record — and we could easily do it, if we chose, more especially in connection with a review of the life of McIntosh, not long since, in the Quarterly, but we hold it to be unnecessary — without travelling out of the record, then, what moral insensibility is betrayed by the man who coolly exposes to the world, Scott's false reviewing, and then audaciously claims for the latter a character of extreme goodness and virtue, that should place him above the suspicion of suppressing a date, at need? As for Scott, himself, had he actually written to Southey after he wrote the review, would it, in a moral sense, have been a worse act than the one he confessedly performed? But luckily, we have other evidence to show how far Sir Walter Scott could carry professions, when it suited his aim. Among many that offer, we select the following.

At page 273, vol. i., in a letter to Mr. Ellis, Sir Walter Scott says: 'Poor Lord Melville! how does he look?' We have had a miserable account of his health in London. *He was the architect of my little fortune*, from circumstances of personal regard merely; *for any of my trifling literary acquisitions were out of his way.*' Begging the reader to recollect, for another purpose, the last words italicised, we put the first in contrast to the following, which appears on the same page, in a letter to the late Duke of Buccleuch: 'I cannot help flattering myself — for perhaps it is flattering myself — *that the noble architect of the Border Minstrel's little fortune*, has been

sometimes anxious for the security of that lowly edifice, during the tempest which has overturned so many palaces and towers.' The first of these letters was dated February 11th, and the other February 20th, 1806. Now did there exist but one of these letters, the person to whom that one referred would have had a perfect right to claim the honor of having been the architect of Scott's little fortune, but there having been two, the whole matter is left in its original darkness!

As it may be profitable to the American reader to expose the true character of the *Quarterly Review* still more, we shall pursue the investigation a little farther, in connection with that branch of the subject. At page 26th, vol. II., Mr. Lockhart alludes to the well-known fact, that Sir Walter Scott reviewed himself in this periodical. The history of this transaction is now distinctly given, at least as distinctly given as Mr. Lockhart usually gives any thing, for there is scarcely a fact prejudicial to his subject, in the two volumes, that is fairly and fully laid before the reader; or, if the facts be given, the conclusions are either smothered entirely, or perverted from their true natures. It seems that in 1816, Scott volunteered to Mr. Murray to write a review of the '*Tales of my Landlord*.' In the letter making this offer, he distinctly denies that he was the author of the *Tales*, offers to prove it by the very act of reviewing them, and merely asks for the assistance of Mr. Erskine. The review was furnished, it having been extended, at Murray's request, to a reviewal of the whole series of the novels. Mr. Lockhart admits that Scott had been much censured for this act, but he thinks unjustly, as he does not believe that Scott wrote the passages *which contain the critical estimate of the Waverley novels*, which he ascribes to Erskine; and even if he did write them, that the estimate placed on the works was below rather than above their value. This apology will be found in a note at the page already mentioned.

A review, on its face, professes to be, as far as it goes, an impartial judgment, made up by an impartial judge. If authors were known to review their own works, few would take the trouble to read their strictures, and those who did, would regard the comments with very different eyes from what is usually done. When one reads a review, secretly written by the author himself, he becomes the subject of a deception, and this objection lies at the very threshold of Mr. Lockhart's apology; though one professionally engaged in all the chicanery that attends this branch of literature, may well have become indifferent to those points of feeling which influence men less indurated. The review of the novels was highly laudatory, though Mr. Lockhart thinks not sufficiently so. At all events, it did the novels great good, whereas, had it been known that it was written by the novelist, in person, it would probably have done the novels great harm, and thus a benefit was obtained by means of a false pretence. No man of true modesty, of much sensibility, of habitual fairness in his transactions, or of a strong love of truth, would have ever done what his biographer admits Scott did, even putting the biographer's version on the entire affair. But how do we know that Erskine had any connection at all with the article? Scott professed a wish that he might have the assistance of Mr. Erskine, but in the same letter, he deliberately and gratuitously denied that he was the author of the novels! One so fond of mystification, may have mystified on the subject of Mr. Erskine, as well as on the subject of the authorship. The review was entirely in the hand-writing of Scott, and Mr. Lockhart thinks the former took the pains to *copy* Erskine's eulogies on himself, with a view to help along the mystification. Why should Scott do this? He had announced Erskine's expected assistance, and why wish to conceal it when obtained? Taking all together, in conjunction with Scott's known habits of deception, as we have shown them in this article to have existed, we are much more disposed to believe that the name of Erskine was introduced in the letter as a mere cloak, than to believe he wrote this part of the review, and that Scott took the trouble to copy

what he had written; for if it was desirable to *conceal* Erskine's agency, why was his name mentioned at all? Beside, Scott was censured for this review, and particularly for this part of it, and did he not take the precaution to preserve Erskine's manuscript? Did Mr. Erskine himself say nothing to exculpate his friend, or is the world to be put off with a loose conjecture of a man who evidently thinks self-reviewing a very venial affair?

But this instance of self-reviewing, on the part of Scott, does not stand alone. Hogg, in his *Familiar Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott*, mentions another, that is exceedingly curious. It will be found pp. 161 to 166, inclusive, of Harper's edition of that book, where Mr. Hogg, in substance, tells the following story. A review had appeared, in which, to use his own words, Scott was put 'at the head' and he (Hogg) 'at the tail' of living English poets. Irritated at this comparison, Hogg wrote a severe article in reply, in which Scott thought there were allusions to his prejudice. A quarrel ensued, and Hogg justified himself, by saying that he had written his own attack, under the impression that Scott was the writer of the injurious comparison, but that he believed it no longer, *as Ballantyne had told him that Southey, who actually furnished the article, was the real critic*. By the latter statement, Scott was pacified. Hogg, however, goes on to add, that *Southey had subsequently assured him that he did not write the article*, though it had been furnished to the magazine through his hands, and that *he himself believed that Scott was actually its author*! Mr. Hogg adds, that Scott never took the simple course of *denying* that he had written the article, and that he now suspects that he, in fact, *did* write it. The whole story is worthy of perusal, as it generally betrays the gross system of fraud that is practised on the world by some of its greatest names, and has all the air of truth about it. Mr. Lockhart accuses Hogg of ingratitude to Scott, but he does not refute this story. Mr. Southey is living, and his part of the affair might easily have been confirmed or denied; but Mr. Lockhart evidently considers the practices of regular reviewers as very innocent things. Scott tells us himself, page 484, vol. 1., in a letter to Lady Davy, in speaking of his family affairs, and after his son-in-law was engaged with the *Quarterly*: 'Lockhart is, I think, *in his own line*. A less equivocal opinion, after all Sir Walter Scott confessedly *knew of the origin, intentions, and character of the Quarterly*, could hardly have been expressed.

Keeping all these facts in view, and very many more might be added to them on the conjoint testimony of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Lockhart, it must require the credulity of a believer in Animal Magnetism, or in Mormonism, to think the former a man of high moral sensibilities, upright mind, simple practices, or ingenuous habits. The love of mystification must have been strong indeed, to overcome all the scruples that will readily suggest themselves to less artificial temperaments; and we might think better of Sir Walter Scott's mystifications, even, if we could find a single instance in which they had not been practised to his especial benefit.

Common report has long made the principle failing of Scott's character, a profound and besetting deference for hereditary rank and power. Poetical minds are apt to entertain this feeling, which so readily assumes the aspect of a sentiment, and which, in fact, is intimately associated with so much that is beautiful and interesting in the recollections of the past. We defer, in a degree, to historical names ourselves, believe the influence of long-established respectability to be useful, and heartily wish this country was well sprinkled with a territorial gentry, that depended solely on their moral claims for ascendancy, as the promoters of taste, local attachments, and social order. So far from quarrelling with Scott for such a weakness, if weakness it be, we should be disposed to defend his predilection, when not carried beyond the bounds of discretion. We know, from personal observation,

however, that with Sir Walter Scott, 'a saint in crape was twice a saint in lawn,' and that he had a strong propensity to see more good qualities in a duke, than in an earl; but, until we read this book, we had no just notion of the real motive that lay at the root of all this subserviency. After the testimony that is profusely scattered through these volumes, after analyzing character, and tracing motives to their sources, we find it impossible not to believe, that a cold and calculating worldly expediency, a disposition to advance his own fortunes, in short, a regular old-fashioned *Scotticism*, was the cause of all.

Let us exemplify what we say, by some proofs. While Scott was in his noviciate as a great man, he was noticed by the Princess of Wales. Now this unfortunate woman, in a political sense, was a tool of the Whigs, and party could have had no influence with the poet. At that time, the lady was a paragon, and her husband an ogre. At a later day, the Prince Regent smiled on him, when the wife was deserted for the husband. Of the character of that husband, it is scarcely necessary to speak, since it was marked by nearly all that was false, and redeemed by nothing. He was a king, and that was all that could be said of him. As such, however, he had influence enough to make baronets, officers in the army, clerks in the public offices, and to grant pensions on the privy purse. This was sufficient for Scott, whose love for this monarch — of whom, by the way, he had spoken with sufficient freedom previously — like that of Saul for Jonathan, was 'passing the love of women.' We give a letter that has lately appeared in the *Memoirs of Sir William Knighton*, as a specimen of Scott's management with this prince :

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

I have a circumstance to mention which concerns myself only, and therefore would be most unworthy of being mentioned to his Majesty, were it not that as his Majesty has distinguished me by elevating my rank in society, I conceive his goodness will be gratified by knowing that the approaching marriage of my eldest son to a very amiable young lady, with a considerable fortune, promises to enable those who may follow me, to support suitably the mark of honor which his Majesty has conferred on me.

"The lady's independent fortune is so far very valuable to me, that it permits my son to marry before my death, and gives me permission, if it please God, to look a generation farther into futurity: but these would be of little consequence, were I not satisfied, as I have every reason to be, with the good sense and amiable qualities of my future daughter, and my son pleased with her person and accomplishments.

"I can only add to these uninteresting details, that my son's bride is named Miss Jobson of Lock, which she soon exchanges for the more chivalrous name (if I may be allowed to say so) which his Majesty lately distinguished with a baronetcy. I hope those who may succeed to that honor may always remember by whom it was conferred, and be ready to serve their sovereign by word, and pen, and sword, when wanted.

"Pray suppress this letter, if the communication be assuming too much upon his Majesty's encouraging goodness. I am sure the intelligence will be gratifying to you personally, even if it is not proper to carry it elsewhere.

I have the honor to be,
Dear Sir William,
Your most faithful,
and obedient servant,

Edinburgh, 21st Jan., 1825.

WALTER SCOTT."

"Perhaps I ought to add, that my son, who is warmly attached to his profession, is to continue in the army, and the young lady, though brought up in the character of an only child, has taken up the old ditty,

'Mount and go,—mount and make ready,—
Mount and go, and be a soldier's lady.'

So they set off to join the fifteenth hussars in Ireland, so soon as circumstances will permit."

A more whining and pitiful letter than this, was never written by a gentleman, or a man of talents. It is almost abject, and the medium through which it was sent, was as objectionable, as its motive was obvious. This Sir William Knighton was the confidant of George IV., and was employed in his private agencies. We re-

member that, in 1828, a report prevailed, in the high circles of London, that he was in Germany, negotiating an establishment for an illegitimate child of the king, by a married woman. In short, he has the reputation, and we doubt not justly, of doing all such offices for his master, and great injustice has been done that master, if the money used was always honestly obtained. Kings are seldom safe factors, and George IV. did not escape severe imputations of this nature. The motive of Scott's letter is to be found in the postscript. His son was about to be married, and promotion was desirable, on the occasion. This promotion was actually obtained, and Sir Walter went on to use his 'word and pen,' if not 'his sword,' in behalf of those whom he thought it was a pity 'could not be decent, if not correct and moral.' So profound did Scott's deference for his sovereign become, that, in more than one instance, he actually affirms, in these volumes, that he was king *de jure*, in defiance of the claims of the descendants of Charles I., and *through females*, (let this be remembered,) of whom some twenty or thirty stood before him, according to those laws, by which the right *de jure* could alone be transmitted. Scott was a genealogist, and must have known this fact, and even Mr. Lockhart looks upon his declaration, as a singular proof of a delusion *growing out of his loyalty*! Let us apply a very simple test to this sentiment.

According to the laws of the British empire, females take the crown; according to the laws of clanship, a male is the head of a clan, the system being patriarchal. Now Scott shows his loyalty to George IV., who was king *de facto*, and not king *de jure*; and his homage to the Duke of Buccleuch as his chieftain, who was precisely in the same predicament, although the principles under which the incumbents held, were exactly different in the two cases. In other words, Scott was true to the instinct of his own interests, by showing loyalty to a sovereign, whose right is derived from a revolution, and arbitrary political enactments, to the prejudice of female rights; and homage to a chief who derived all the right he had, through females, though females cannot carry chieftainship! To be more explicit: George IV. was king of England *de facto*, while the Duchess of Modena, (we believe the right is in her,) is Queen of England *de jure*, and the Duke of Buccleuch was head of the clan Scott *de facto*, while Mr. Lockhart himself tells us that Lord Napier is the head *de jure*.* Scott, in both instances, sticks closely to the fact, leaving sentiment and right to take care of themselves; the Duke of Buccleuch holding through females, who cannot carry chieftainship, if we understand the laws of the clans, on the one hand, and George IV., in the teeth of the old law, holding to the prejudice of females, who, according to the law of England, could inherit the crown. Thus we see, that Scott is always true to actual power, and just as far as possible from displaying that high-toned feeling in favor of hereditary right, that Mr. Lockhart claims for him.

The reader may better understand our distinction, when he is told, that in the male line, the Dukes of Buccleuch are descended from a bastard son of Charles II., by Mrs. Crofts, the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, and that they got their titles and estates through an heiress of the house of Buccleuch. What renders this sentiment of Mr. Lockhart still more questionable, is the use to which Scott puts his homage. From the king he obtains various important favors, by means of letters like that written to Sir William Knighton, and the duke he styles the 'architect of his little fortunes.' Sentiment would avoid, instead of seeking, such favors.

We desired the reader to note the admission of Scott, that Lord Melville had not favored him *on account of his literary claims*, but for what he chooses to term per-

* Mr. Lockhart may not use these words, but he says, that he thinks Lord Napier, who had also changed his name for a fortune, is the male head of the house of Scott.

sonal regard. Abstract personal regard was one of the last things for which Henry Dundas would become the 'architect' of any man's 'little fortune.' He was Pitt's manager for Scotland, and he has the reputation of having employed more corruption in discharging that trust, than any man of modern times. Now we deem Scott's admission as confirmatory of an accusation of the Scottish Whigs, who charge him with having been, in secret, one of the most ruthless political writers of their country; and this, always, let it be remembered, in behalf of those whom he thinks might be bought with the gold of Napoleon! Although the evidence in this case is not as unanswerable as in most of those which Mr. Lockhart furnishes against Scott's disinterestedness and principles, it is, in our eyes, one of the clearest admissions in the book, as to the real history of his career. To be favored by Henry Dundas, for the motives that usually influenced his favor, is to us sufficient; although it is probable that the *Quarterly* will throw itself into one of its melo-dramatic attitudes, and remind us that we 'are writing of the Rt. Hon. Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville!'

We have dwelt on these things, because we know that much error exists in this country, concerning the value of men and opinions in the other hemisphere, and more particularly in England; because we are satisfied that advantage is taken of an ascendancy obtained by the foulest agencies, not only to influence the public mind in America, to the advantage of antagonist interests, but to our own direct detriment; and because we regret to see a disposition to view principles, abroad and at home, through their connection with the conduct of great men, instead of viewing great men through their connection with acts and principles.

Mr. Lockhart's book—though apart from its mystifications, and its obtuseness in matters of moral concern, it is sufficiently manly as a whole—is not entirely without a certain sort of puerility, that is only too common with the sentimental school of biographers, but from which he ought to have been free. Of this class of portraying, is the anecdote he relates, how Lady Scott got up new chintz curtains, how Sir Walter did not discover the improvement, and how he complimented his wife's taste, when the fact was pointed out to him! If this story is told by way of showing what an amiable person Scott was, it is absurd, as probably there is not the man living, to whom some such incidents have not occurred. It is in singular contradiction to this attempt at extraordinary amiability, moreover, that Mr. Lockhart tells us, no one dared to let Scott into the secret of the falling off in the sales of his novels, and this, too, at a moment when it was of the last importance to his interests that he should be apprized of the facts.

Mr. Lockhart also assumes, that it was a thing altogether without precedent, the 'gallant manner,' as he terms it, in which Scott set about writing a new book, before he was aware of the reception of the last. Perhaps there is nothing more common in the course of an author's life, than this very 'gallantry,' and Mr. Lockhart ought to have known it. It is no unusual circumstance for authors to have several works in progress at the same moment; some just about to be published, some just published, and others just commenced. We mention these trifles, as they tend to mislead the uninstructed, and as blemishes in a work that might well depend on its more material matter, had that matter been fairly offered to the world.

We pass over the affair of Miss Seward, and several others, that discover similar traits in Scott, in order to find room for things of greater gravity. His alienation from his brother, bespeaks any thing but that extreme goodness of heart, on which his biographer dwells with so much stress, nor does it say much for the nature or depth of his religious impressions. It would seem that this brother, whose name was Daniel, had been guilty of some crimes, moral or legal, we know not which, and was sent to the West Indies, where employment was found for him, under a friend. This

person, with whom Scott occasionally corresponded on the subject, was left in profound ignorance of the precise degree of affinity, even, that existed between his correspondent and the individual in his employment. On some occasion, Daniel Scott showed a want of courage, when Scott dropped him entirely, carrying his resentment to the grave, for he even refused to attend his funeral. Mr. Lockhart, as usual, seems to think that some very heroic quality lay at the bottom of this conduct. As we are left in the dark as to the brother's original misconduct, we can say nothing of the course Scott took in the outset; quite likely it was right; but the pretension that a man was so brave himself, that cowardice was odious to him, is in the last degree absurd. The truly brave have the most consideration for the infirmities of others; and the most thoroughly lion-hearted man we ever knew, rebuked his officers because they did not allow the seamen to 'duck,' when they first went into fire. It is scarcely possible to read this account, without seeing that Scott was more hurt by the disgrace reflected on himself by the bad conduct of his brother, than by any abstract reverence for virtue. The best part of the affair is, that Sir Walter Scott deeply repented, afterward, of the course he had taken. Still the transaction must take its place in the catalogue of his deeds, else might a tardy repentance make a pure biography of a very corrupt life.

Mr. Lockhart has not very distinctly told the story of Scott's efforts to pay his debts, which has probably done more than any thing else to give the great man a high personal character with the world, though he has given us nearly all the facts that are necessary to make up an opinion for ourselves. As much deception has been practised in this matter, we will consider it regularly, though briefly.

Sir Walter Scott early became a sleeping partner in the establishment of the Ballantynes, who were printers, publishers, and, we believe, stationers. In the course of time, this house became involved with that of Constable, and the failure of the latter brought down Ballantyne and Scott. What was the precise connection between the two firms, that rendered the latter liable for so large an amount of debt, is not known. Sir Walter Scott has been censured, blindly, for having entered into such a connection at all, and has been as blindly commended for the manner in which he devoted himself to the extinguishment of debts that, personally, he never contracted. The world may, and probably it does, decide right, in the end, in all those cases in which it can arrive at the truth; but truth is the most difficult thing for man to reach, and it would not much exceed the fact, if we were to add, that he never finds it, without some alloy, when there are any interested in concealing it.

The occupation of a printer and publisher is, *per se*, an honest occupation; and it is far more creditable to Scott to have embarked in such an enterprise, than to have employed his money in nine-tenths of the speculations, in which the noble and *quasi* honorable daily do engage. There was nothing improper in the pursuit; and Walter Scott might much more creditably make a hundred pounds by employing workmen on a press, than in writing false reviews for the Quarterly. We dismiss this part of the subject, then, as unworthy of serious comment, and turn to its more important features.

When Scott's eldest son married, the father settled on him the estate of Abbotsford as a make-weight against the lands of Lock. Now, Scott was bound to ascertain how far Abbotsford was his, in law and in honor, before he took any step of this magnitude. If he owed money, or was indirectly liable for debts of any sort, the creditor had a right to insist he should not put his property out of his hands, but that it should be kept in a situation to meet his liabilities. In this particular, then, Scott erred, though there is no reason to suppose that he erred wilfully, since all his collateral conduct, and all the divulged facts, go to show, that his sin was a sin of omission, instead of being one of commission. In short, he was ignorant of his true situ-

ation, overrated his prospective receipts, and probably had not the smallest intention of wronging any one, when he made the settlement. If the nature of the connection with Constable had been clearly put, as it ought to have been put, it is probable we might have had it in our power to say, that the settlement, under the circumstances, was absolutely proper. But Mr. Lockhart, while he tells us so much, tells nothing very explicitly that involves the real character of Scott. He writes like a man who is fond of ambiguity, in all such cases. He makes, however, one sensible and fair remark, by stating that Scott, had he contemplated fraud, might have called in all the old securities, and issued new ones, after the marriage, with a view to defeat the lien. Had the debts which existed at the moment of the failure, existed at the time of the settlement, we do not see how the latter could destroy this lien. When the failures, and Scott's liabilities, became public, the creditors claimed a right to hold the estate of Abbotsford responsible for their demands; but Mr. Lockhart tells us, that they soon became sensible that the property, for the moment at least, was beyond their reach. It is therefore possible there had actually been a substitution of new debts for the old ones, in the interval, in the regular course of business, and without Scott's agency; but the settlement itself became no protection against the claims of the creditors, in the event that the son had no issue by the particular lady he had already married. At the time of the failure, the parties had been married a year, or more, and there being no appearance of issue, a case was created that rendered it doubtful whether there ever would be children by that marriage. The twelve years that have succeeded, have confirmed the doubt which then arose, the present Sir Walter Scott being still childless.

We have now what may be termed the legal facts of the case, and a few words will put us in possession of those that are less technical. At the period when the Ballantynes failed, three out of four of Sir Walter Scott's children were, in a measure, provided for. Lady Scott soon after died, and there remained only Sir Walter, his daughter Anne, and himself, to support. To do this, Sir Walter had an official income of near eight thousand dollars a year. How much, or how little, or whether any portion of his two salaries was appropriated to the payment of his debts, does not appear. We know, however, from personal observation, that Sir Walter Scott maintained the appearance and manner of living of a gentleman, after his failure. Abbotsford was his residence, and when in London and Paris, he kept his own carriage, never using hackney-coaches, etc. All this we presume he did out of his salaries. These salaries, then, put Sir Walter Scott in a very different situation from that of most bankrupts. In his circumstances, with Abbotsford so peculiarly placed, so far from its being an extraordinary act that he should attempt to pay his debts, it would have been extraordinary had he not attempted it.

Although the creditors of Ballantyne and Co. might not have an *immediate* claim on Abbotsford, there was always a probability that they would have an *eventual* claim on that estate; a fact that, of itself, puts a very different complexion on the whole affair; since Sir Walter Scott, devoting himself to hopeless toil, from a sentiment of probity, and Sir Walter Scott, virtually working to pay off a mortgage for the benefit of his posterity, present very different pictures to the world.

There is still another point of view, in which truth requires that we should regard this matter. The debts were enormous, and considered in reference to the pen as a means of payment, they strike the imagination with unusual force; but nothing can be plainer than the fact, that Scott, with his great talents, and unprecedented popularity, could discharge an enormous debt more readily with his pen, than many a man, engaged in pursuits in connection with which we are more accustomed to deem thousands of no great importance. It is plain, his devotion ought to be altogether measured by his means; and the man who could command some forty or fifty thousand dollars for a work like the *Life of Napoleon*, was aided by fortuitous circum-

stances of great account. These circumstances detract from his devotion, precisely as they do credit to his talents.

But we are not at a loss to know how Scott regarded his means, since he has spoken frankly of the prospects under which he devoted himself to the task of paying his debts, in a letter to Mr. Morrit, page 483, vol. II., where he says: 'I have obtained an arrangement of payment, convenient for every body concerned, and *easy for myself.*' We have touched on this point, as great injustice is done to others, laboring under similar difficulties, by the senseless hurrahs of the world. Notwithstanding the manner in which the public has been dazzled by the grand scale on which Scott conducted his literary operations, it is probable that a hundred cases have occurred, in our own times, in which writers have shown greater devotion to their duties, suffering and toiling in unobtrusive silence. All the merit, of an exclusive nature, that can be claimed for Scott, in this transaction, is that of possessing the rare qualities to command such vast sums by his pen; but this touches his talents, rather than his principles.

We shall barely allude to the Diary. As a literary composition, it has rare beauties and egregious faults. In the way of morals, it is more exceptionable. This, too, is another instance, in which the world suffers itself to be mystified by appearances. Most persons read a diary as they would ponder over the parting sentiments of a dying man, whereas all its records are as much made under the influence of the passions, errors, and impulses, of this state of being, as any other species of composition. When, as in Scott's case, there is a perfect conviction that what is written will certainly be published, it almost amounts to fraud, since the air of confidential communications with one's self, is a sheer deception. We confess we were shocked with the avowal that Scott makes, where he tells us, and under such circumstances, too, that he has sworn never to erase a syllable that he had written in this diary! If his declaration was sincere, it discovers a want of feeling, since every man ought to stand ready to correct his errors, and the diary is not sufficiently exempt from unjust comments on others, to be beyond this reproach; and if not sincere, it was a fraudulent parade of an unmeaning frankness before the reader. This diary, too, was conceived in puerility, and in imitation, even to the affectation of the 'Gurnal,' the whole being manifestly taken from Byron's manly and quaint, though not faultless, record of the same nature. None but a strictly conscientious man, to say nothing of other qualities, should ever leave a diary for publication.

There are many facts illustrative of Scott's true character, that remain to be examined, but for lack of room, we shall allude to only one more. It appears, by the Diary, that Lady Scott had been gradually wasting away for two years. Scott tells us that he had foreseen the result for that length of time. On the eleventh of May, he leaves Abbotsford for Edinburgh, with a perfect consciousness of the danger of his wife; his daughter Anne promising to send him constant information of her mother's state of health. The record in the Diary, on taking leave, is bad; being words, as substitutes for feelings and duty. He complains, it is true, of the *necessity* of leaving his wife, at such a moment; but we nowhere learn what that necessity was. Important, all-important, as this reason is, in making up an estimate of the heart and real character of his subject, Mr. Lockhart does not add a word of explanation to what is said in the Diary. Scott complains a little, in measured language, of the hardship of being compelled to quit the bedside of his wife, but the record is so forced as to wear the appearance of an apology. He goes to Edinburgh, where he remains until the 15th, when he gets the news of Lady Scott's death. The Diary tells us that she had been *much worse* for the last *two days*. As soon as he heard of the death of his wife, Scott returns to Abbotsford, where he finds his daughter in

hysterics. Now how is this apparent desertion of the death-bed of a wife to be explained? Is all we have heard of his domestic qualities, and of his goodness of heart, a deception, or has this extraordinary abandonment of one of the first of his duties been left unexplained, by inadvertency? We have met with various answers, when we have asked for an explanation. Some think duty in court called Scott away. No court would be so exacting, and a right-feeling man would not have obeyed its mandate, if it had. Others believe his sensibilities drove him to Edinburgh. We have no faith in those natural feelings that do not produce natural results; and, moreover, the Diary itself contradicts this, as its author alludes to some other necessity for quitting his wife, though it is a necessity that ceased as soon as *she was dead*. Perhaps Miss Scott deceived him with false intelligence. This is unnatural, and opposed to her pledge. Perhaps she remained silent. Would a man of kind and domestic feelings, conscious of the danger, remain in ignorance, within a few hours' journey of a dying wife? If intelligence did not come to him, would he not go after the intelligence?

Again: The Diary professes to record Scott's feelings on his return. Would not the prevailing emotion of an affectionate husband, under such circumstances, be anguish, at having been kept from the side of his wife, to watch over her wants, to catch her last gleam of intelligence and love, to hear her last sigh? Sir Walter Scott speaks of 'pinched features,' and 'symmetrical limbs,' but there is no regret, of the sort we have named, in the Diary. If he did not feel this regret, this anguish, what are we to think of the man? If he did feel it, what are we to think of the Diary? We beg the reader to turn to this portion of the work, and to examine it for himself.

We have said nothing of Scott as a writer. The subject has been too often discussed, to require any thing but an elaborate criticism, from attempting which we are precluded by the character and limits of a monthly magazine. On the whole, we do not think Mr. Lockhart overrates Scott's powers, though we might differ from him in the details. Perhaps no two men would entirely coincide in their estimates of the works of so powerful and voluminous an author. There are, notwithstanding, one or two points connected with this branch of the subject, on which we differ *toto cælo* from Mr. Lockhart. He claims for Scott a high character as a moral writer. In a negative sense, Sir Walter Scott is sufficiently correct; but affirmatively, it strikes us his claims, in this respect, are of very little moment. We scarcely know a writer who so often limited his object to a pleasing exhibition of manners and customs, without any ulterior moral aim, as Scott. Even his besetting weakness, deference for power, pervades his works, rather as a reflection of his habits of mind, than as a matter of design. His sole object was to direct the imagination of the reader, or perhaps it were still truer to say, that he gave vent to the workings of his own fertile imagination, and dashed on paper the passing images of his teeming brain, without other thought of any moral consequences, than a proper care not to offend. His incidental reflections were seldom profound or original, though, like all he did, they were agreeable, and introduced with tact.

The pretension of Mr. Lockhart, that to Sir Walter Scott is the world indebted for the healthful class of novels that have succeeded, and indeed eradicated, the sickly sentimentalism of the old school, is so extravagant as almost to amount to audacity. We see in it the cool assertion of the hireling reviewer, rather than the well-weighed remark of the historian and biographer. To say nothing of twenty others, Miss Edgeworth alone had supplanted the sentimentalists, before Scott was known, even as a poet. This whole school, which includes Mrs. Opie, Mrs. More, Miss Austin, and Mrs. Brunton, not to say Madame D'Arblay, was quite as free from sentimentalism as Scott, and, because less heroic, perhaps more true to every-day nature. Still he was vastly their superior, for he raised the novel, as near as might be, to the

dignity of the epic. Neither was Scott the head of his own particular heroic school, except in talents. The Scottish Chiefs alone, to say nothing of others, was a work of his own country, class, and peculiar subject, differing from a Waverley merely in power. We have known persons, however, so much bewitched with this transcendent power, as to fancy that Scott wrote the first novel the world ever saw; and to this day, very many persons suppose he was the introducer of the custom of placing mottoes at the heads of chapters. All this proves the great influence of his pen, no doubt, but it also proves the delusions to which it gave birth.

The greatest peculiarity of Scott, as a writer, was *tact* in throwing a high degree of grace around all he did. He has been surpassed in invention, in power, and in vividness of description; in nice delineations of character even, though rarely; but he has never been equalled in this faculty. In many cases in which he has failed in his conceptions, he has redeemed himself by the graceful manner in which he has presented his fallacies. He had a just estimate of men, more especially in their vices and weaknesses; and thus we find, that while most of his loftier characters are the heroes of tradition, his representatives of vice are inventions, that betray an intimate knowledge of the corrupt workings of the human heart. The faculty we have mentioned, not only pervaded the writings of Scott, but it strikes us that it pervaded the entire character of the man. It was, in truth, the art of seemliness, of *vraisemblance* in delineation, of appearances in practice; and its effect, in the latter case, was to render that pleasing to the senses, which was in truth obnoxious to the censures of the right-minded and just. Even the very letters that we have quoted in this article, possess this charm of manner, and some of them will require more than one reading, to enable the ordinary observer to detect all their innate want of principle.

To the peculiarity named, however, Scott added high powers of the imagination, though they were subordinate rather than inventive, requiring to be quickened by associations, and depending as much on memory, as on any other faculty of the mind. Thrown purely on his own naked resources, unaided by legend and traditions, and reading, and the poetical habits of a poetical country, Scott would have had many superiors; and thus it is that we find him more disposed to embellish than to create. The fitness of his particular excellence for his particular style of writing, has induced many to give him credit for more general powers than he possessed; but Scott was probably conscious that his *forte* lay in this indirect copying. Whatever he could see, or read of, he could portray with an ability that baffled competition; and although he necessarily often misconceived his originals, he threw so much seeming reality around his pictures, that even those who ought to have known better, were frequently puzzled to distinguish between the true and the false. This faculty of creating a *vraisemblance*, is next to that of a high invention, in a novelist; and as it was sustained in Scott by the additional, or perhaps it were better to say the subsidiary, powers of the humorous, the dramatic, the pathetic, and the eloquent, the united qualities put him at once at the head of his class.

The personal character of Scott, as is only too often the case, strikes us as having been a union of good and bad qualities. We do not know that there is proof to establish any thing unusual, either for or against him, in this respect; for if his virtues were those that are generally found in men of his social condition, his failings were sufficiently common. The effort which has been made to set him up as a model character, is abundantly absurd; and to make it in the face of this book, is presuming too much on the ignorance and compliance of mankind; for while the biography has been followed by the usual unmeaning adulation of the periodicals, a quiet sentiment has been working adversely among the observing and the discreet, ever since Mr. Lockhart's book appeared. There are no apparent reasons to doubt Scott's courage, his liberality, his philanthropy, in the ordinary meaning of the term, his probity in

every day transactions, or his neighborly propensities; while there is no proof, but phrases, to show that he possessed either quality, in an unusual degree. We presume, had he not been the great writer he was, he would have passed among the mass of his fellow creatures, as remarkable in neither respect, on these several points. It is so much a matter of course for a man to love those nearest to him of kin, that we should never have dreamed of calling in question his ordinary goodness of heart, or his possession of the domestic affections, but for his own account of the manner in which he was absent from the death-bed of his wife. On the other hand, it is not easy to suppose, after the proof that has been here furnished, and much more that might be adduced, had we room, that Scott was a man of nice moral sensibilities; of lively perceptions of right and wrong, except as right and wrong are subjected to the comments of the world; of even common sincerity; of a proper degree of frankness; of true simplicity of character; of a just manliness in matters touching his own interests; or of due independence of thought, or conduct. To claim these qualities for him, after Mr. Lockhart's *evidence* to the contrary, (we put his *opinions* out of the question,) is to deny the inevitable consequences of admitted causes. The high moral qualities which this gentleman claims for his father-in-law, directly in the teeth of his own testimony, leave no alternative between the suspicion of a profound mystification, and a belief that the biographer's notions of what high moral qualities are, are neither very settled nor very accurate. Scott was a man of a century, as respects talents; one of the mass, as regards motives and principles. He had a keen relish for the humorous, and, placed beyond the necessity, imaginary or real, of artifice, he would most probably have been a hearty, convivial, and winning companion. The disposition to conviviality, indeed, was strong within him, and probably, under the influence of Scottish habits, it contributed to the breaking up of his constitution. Following early the bias he had taken toward advancement, however, nature was soon supplanted by factitious expedients, and it was only on occasions, or when among his youthful associates, that he showed himself in the true colors of his originally hearty character. Circumstances soon made him an actor, (he tells us even the precise time, where he alludes to his introduction into the society of his superiors,) and possessing a native aptitude to seemliness, he succeeded in making his acting pass for nature, with those who had not the opportunities for comparison, or who were deficient in observation. His ambition led him to aspire to a place among the cold, artificial aristocracy of England; and, jealous of his own original position, he never acquired their ease, while he did assume a large portion of their marble-like mannerism. Still, the impulses of the natural man would sometimes break down these restraints, and glimpses of his conscious superiority were had through the veil of convention. But, on the whole, he was an actor in general society, to a degree even exceeding the arbitrary laws of the world. Without this acquired desire to assimilate himself to a caste, Scott might have been of simple manners; but with this disposition, his simplicity of deportment was elaborately feigned, though, like all he chose to embellish, so well feigned as to induce most observers to believe it true. We question if it would be easy to find another man who, in mixed society, so rarely expressed his true sentiments, or betrayed his real emotions. It is unnecessary to say, that there could be no simplicity of character in all this.

Had Sir Walter Scott not been so great a man in the estimation of the world, he would have been a much more estimable man, in a moral point of view; and had he been a more estimable man, in a moral point of view, it is not probable he would have been so great a man in the estimation of the world; since his acting, in a measure, was necessary to secure an approbation that is certain to depend on conflicting principles. As he was ambitious of, so was he careful to preserve, his personal popularity, of which we have a striking proof, in the studied kindnesses that for years

were laid before this country, in deeds and words, as compared with his real acts and sentiments toward America and Americans, which are now revealed in his letters. That which he did so surpassingly well in his tales, by throwing around all he delineated a grace of manner that almost supplanted truth, he did equally well in life, by successfully substituting appearances for reality. In short, he paid the penalty of popularity, by being compelled to feign that which he did not feel, say that which he did not think, and do that which he did not desire. He visited the infirmities of a brother with relentless severity, and shut his eyes to the vices of a profligate king; and yet he did both so gracefully, as to cause Mr. Lockhart to think, that, in the one case he was influenced by a stern regard for the higher virtues, and in the other by a sentiment so venerable and lofty, as to clothe it in the garb of poetry! Although, in his acts, he was true to the instinct of his interests, he had the address so to conceal the motive, that it became exposed only when brought to the tests of reason and principles. He was not avaricious, in the vulgar acceptation; his object being advancement on a large scale, rather than pence; though the pretension of the extent of his secret charities involves a contradiction, since that which was strictly private could not have been known, and that which is negligently or coquettishly revealed, must take its place among the less orthodox virtues. Every man of probity must regret, that one gifted as Scott, could so completely mistake the expedient for the right, the seeming for the real, the false for the true. Still we must admit this was the fact, or deny the existence of principles that are immutable.

Until we read this book, we have already said, we believed that a profound deference for rank, a weakness that resulted from education and the factitious state of society in which he had been educated, lay at the root of Scott's principal infirmity, and that when he erred, it was a failing rather than a vice. But after reading this book, we deem it impossible not to see, that his needle was true to the pole of interest, and that no other delusion than one of the most vulgar character had any influence on him, however excellently the motive might, at the passing moment, be concealed. He may have had the pride of talents; it is difficult to believe otherwise; but he could not have had pride of character. The self-reviewer — the habitual mystifier in matters touching his own interests — the flatterer of dissolute princes and rapid nobles — the humble follower of wealth and power, could not have possessed that lofty sentiment, which dignifies, though it may not justify, pride. In a word, untrammelled by any of those nice sensibilities that mark great characters, in a moral sense, Scott well understood the important difference, in the eyes of mankind, between 'being' and 'seeming;' and supported by the faculty of representation that sustained his literary fame, a species of dramatic morality, it is quite probable that, beside deceiving Mr. Lockhart — a matter of no great difficulty, we should think, from the blundering manner in which this gentleman reveals his moral *non sequiturs* — he deceived even himself. Admitting this to have been true, he would not have been the first, by many, who was the dupe of his own artifices. All Scott's sentiment, on which his biographer has dilated with so much unction, pointed to self. If he venerated the head of his clan, he got his endorsements on his notes; if he were so loyal as to obscure his knowledge of history, he contrived to get baronetcies, commissions in the army, and places in the public offices, out of the mistake. A shrewd judge of human nature, in its lower aspects, he resorted to his governing agency of seemliness to the last, and endeavored to maintain his assumed character with posterity, by designating a biographer qualified by profession, practice, devotion to a bad cause, and we apprehend by nature, to 'make the worse appear the better reason.'

RICHARD HURDIS; OR THE AVENGER OF BLOOD: A Tale of Alabama. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 644. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

WE live in such a novel-reading age, that every work of romance, possessing more than ordinary excellence, is seized on with avidity, and made popular at once. Excitement is the order, or rather disorder, of the day; and he who panders to bad passions with the most adroitness, is sure to win the highest reward for his labors. Thus far, the history of civilization has been that of progressive corruption; so that if the literature of an age may be regarded as the exponent of its quality, ours is not far removed from the last stage of advancement. The object of novelists in general, (there are some praiseworthy exceptions,) appears to be to seize the public mind, and hold it with a sort of enchantment; a fascination which arises from the power which a master will exercise over the volition of inferior spirits, leading them captive, and exciting them with the stimulus they love most. Accordingly, there are no novels so saleable as those which lead the affections step by step into a sphere of irritating tumult, fevering the blood with uncontrollable sympathies, and steeping the interior man in a sea of voluptuous sensuality. To young people, the charm of such writing is irresistible. It is in vain to talk of principles early inculcated on the inexperienced heart. Human nature is physiologically the same. Chemical affinities are not more sure and certain, than are those of real and well-depicted passions.

The quality of novels here referred to, is well enough understood. We know it is in vain to speak against such books, for the simple reason that 'the child is father of the man,' and reform must commence in the cradle: yet we cannot help regretting, that if the depravity of the age must be catered for with such abominations, novelists cannot contrast their 'demon-lovers' with characters of human excellence, in order that virtue may have its advocates, even in the show-men of deformities. Some, it is true, contend that the very worst novels of their day have their moral, intended for instruction. The same might be said of that class of books whose first intended effect is to fill brothels, and whose second invariable one is, to disgust their very victims. It is a fact, stated on the authority of M. DUCHATELET, in his great work, '*De la Prostitution dans la Ville de Paris*,' a work which cost that pure-minded philanthropist the unremitting Howard-like toil of eight years, that while books of mere obscenity are never seen in the hands of abandoned women, and are known never to be read by them, novels and romances, of the most exciting kind, constitute nearly their whole literary amusement. It must be the same in England and in America, which may account for the enormous editions that are issued of these bad books; books which degrade their authors while they enrich them, and which can only afford them the unenviable distinction of excelling as literary distillers, for the worst species of intemperance, the intoxication of the soul.

'Richard Hurdis' is a novel of another species of the same genus to which we have alluded. It is undeniably a work of much power. We believe that the author never intended to do harm by it, and that he was not aware of its bad qualities. It is entirely free from the distinguishing trait of the most popular novels of the day, while at the same time, it is really vicious in its tendency. It is a tale of blood, which might possibly be the antitype of facts, since the phases of human passion are infinite; but it presents the most hideous distortions of character, and is enough to make a man sick of his humanity. We will attempt a brief outline of the story.

Richard Hurdis, a young man of Marengo, Alabama, having become of age, and being impelled by the spirit of adventure, is about to start for the Choctaw Territory, with a view of improving his fortune. He is farther prompted to go, from the fact that his brother, John Hurdis, who is rich, has supplanted him in the affections of Mary Easterby. John Hurdis, an imbecile, whose character, the very opposite of his

brother, arouses the hatred of Richard, by his wily treachery in this affair, till the latter is prompted to treat him with the grossest personal violence which one man could endure from another. Richard in this mood departs from Marengo, in company with a very intimate friend, William Carrington, who is successfully in love with Katharine Walker. Carrington is on his way also to buy lands afar from home, with the intention of establishing himself with his promised bride. As soon as the travellers are on their way, John Hurdis entices a ruffian, Ben Pickett, to follow his brother Richard, and despatch him. In the meanwhile, the travellers proceed on their way, from which they diverged for the purpose of collecting a debt due to Carrington from Matthew Webber, a man of doubtful character. Not far from this man's house, they encounter a set of gamblers, who cheat them out of a part of their money, and meditate their complete robbery. They proceed toward the place of their immediate destination, and make the acquaintance of Colonel Grafton, who had endorsed Webber's note to Carrington, and from what they learn of Webber, from him, they are put on their guard against him. At Colonel Grafton's, they became known to his daughter Julia and Mr. Clifton, to whom she is about to be married. They now proceed to Webber's, who appoints the next day for the payment of the note. After passing the night at Colonel Grafton's, whose house is near, they arrive once more at Webber's. While sitting there at table, counting the money which he had paid down, the travellers are suddenly surrounded by the same fellows who had cheated them at cards, the accomplices of Webber. Richard Hurdis is secured with ropes, and fastened down to the floor, while Edward Carrington escapes on Richard Hurdis's horse, which, in the emergency, he had mounted. The robbers, who belonged to the 'Mystic Brotherhood,' a consociated band of fifteen hundred outlaws, pursue Carrington, who, not far from where he started, is shot dead from his horse, in sight of the robbers, by a person concealed in the bushes, who turns out to be Ben Pickett, accomplishing, as he supposes, his diabolical agency. The robbers immediately despatch an emissary to follow the '*striker*,' it being the custom of the Mystic Brotherhood, when it discovered the secret crime of any one, to attach the criminal to their confederation, *volens volens*, or else to sacrifice his life. Accordingly Barrett, one of their number, is sent off after Pickett.

In the interim, Carrington's horse flies to Colonel Grafton, who, suspecting something wrong, hastens to Webber's, and releases Richard Hurdis, who, learning the fate of his friend, swears vengeance on the murderers. Richard returns to Marengo, and relates the melancholy tale to Katharine Walker, who goes raving distracted, and soon after dies. Barrett arrives at Pickett's house, and secures him, as well as John Hurdis, whom he discovers to be the principal in the murder of Carrington, as confederates in the Mystic Brotherhood. Richard Hurdis discovers himself to his brother John, who is horror-stricken at the turn of events, and forgets and forgives all past difficulties, little dreaming that John Hurdis had been the cause of Carrington's murder. Richard Hurdis makes love again to Mary Easterby, explains his suspicion of her love for John, which turns out to have been only in the imagination of Richard, and is accepted. He now starts again, with the sole object of revenging his friend's murder. Having disguised himself as a gambler, he becomes acquainted with Clem Foster, the head of the Mystic Brotherhood, and pretending to be a rogue, is admitted as a member, and is conducted to their haunt. Here he is astonished to find the lover of Julia Grafton a confederate of the robbers, and here he learns the true history of the murder of Carrington. Clifton, the lover of Julia, having repented of his bad deeds, begs hard of Foster to release him; which request is, after great difficulty, secretly complied with. Foster connives at Clifton's escape, but the rest of the confederates determine on his death. Richard Hurdis, who the day before had seen his brother John and Ben Pickett introduced as mem-

bers, is commissioned by the Brotherhood to follow and despatch him, he being about to marry Julia. Richard eagerly embraces the opportunity, designing to caution Colonel Grafton against the marriage, which end he accomplishes; but immediately after, Clifton himself arrives, and confesses every thing — his first crime, and his forgeries of letters to Colonel Grafton. The next day had been assigned for the marriage. Clifton is secured, in an attic chamber; Julia goes half demented, and the company of gentlemen which were to constitute the bridal-party are armed, under Colonel Grafton and Richard, for the apprehension of the Mystic Brothers.

While this troop are on their magisterial excursion, Julia Clifton releases her beloved from confinement, who sacrifices his own life on the day following, to save that of Colonel Grafton. The robbers are surprised, routed, and slain; among the rest, John Hurdis, who does not, however, fall by his brother's hand, as the brother intended he should. Foster escapes in a very ridiculous way, on a bale of cotton, which he tumbles into the river. Richard Hurdis marries Mary Easterby, and Julia Grafton dies of a broken heart. There are several characters which are not essential to a mere outline of the story, some of which ought to be noticed; such as the wife of Ben Pickett, and his idiot daughter. These serve as a sort of under plot, and add materially to the interest of the story.

Since the story of Cain and Abel, we doubt whether there has been a more diabolical narrative than this of Richard Hurdis. It is indeed worse than the first murder, in all its particulars. Richard Hurdis is quite as bad as John, and perhaps worse. He hates his brother, and beats him from mere unfounded suspicion, while the injured man plots fratricide in the meanest of all possible ways. The mother of the two brothers is represented as being partial to the one she calls *her* Richard, while the father has used him as a slave. There are some inconsistencies, beside, in the narrative; as where Richard speaks in one place of Mary Easterby's transferred affection as a *fact*, and in others as only a chimera of his own fancy. The idiot girl is not well drawn. She is *not* an idiot. Yet, had she not been so called, the character would be considered as an interesting one. Pickett's wife is a strong delineation, and ought to have been of farther use in the plot. With all the faults of 'Richard Hurdis,' critically considered, and they are many, it is a work of uncommon talent. The author has not followed in the beaten path of novelists, but has boldly struck out a way of his own. If he resembles any one, it is DANA, in his 'Idle Man.' His narrative is well sustained, and the interest never flags. Some of the scenes are admirably drawn, and show that the author, who ever he may be, is capable of still better things.

LETTERS TO MOTHERS. By MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. In one volume, 12 mo. pp. 240. Hartford, (Conn.) New-York: J. ORVILLE TAYLOR.

MRS. SIGOURNEY has been so uniformly successful in her works, and they have been so widely circulated, that we are surprised she should now appear as her own publisher. It can scarcely be possible, that with all her reputation, her books can be as extensively distributed by herself, as by an active, energetic house, familiar with those transactions which appear to be indispensable in the spreading abroad of books. Let us hope the contrary, however. But this in passing.

'Letters to Mothers' is not inferior to the best of Mrs. Sigourney's books. It is in many respects superior to them all. How delightful to find a superior woman, admitted to possess the finest intellectual endowments, shining still more splendidly in the first characteristics of her sex, which live in the development of the affections! Her precepts to mothers are all based on the law of heavenly and maternal love; and it

has been her high privilege to perceive the obligation imposed on woman to cultivate the young mind in the right way. What can be more angelic than the following brief passage? It contains volumes of heavenly arcana: 'The religion of a new-born babe, is the prayer of its mother. Keep this sacred flame burning for it, in the shrine of the soul, until it is able to light its own feeble lamp, and fill its new censer with praise.'

Mrs. SIGOURNEY would have education begin while the babe is at its mother's bosom. She is right. The selfishness of our nature is innate with us; it begins to show itself before the tongue can articulate, and it is then that the will must be subdued and directed, if ever. The mother, who understands the infinite meaning of the words 'Thy will be done,' can never hope for its active recognition by her child, unless she controls the selfishness of her infant charge. Mrs. Sigourney fully comprehends the importance of this truth. She says to mothers:

'Establish your will, as the law. Do it early, for docility is impaired by delay. It is the truest love, to save the little stranger, in this labyrinth of life, all those conflicts of feeling which must continue as long as it remains doubtful who is to be its guide. As the root and germ of piety, as a preparation for submission to the Eternal Father, as the subduing process, which is to lead it in calmness through the storms and surges of time, teach obedience.'

She remarks elsewhere:

'Let us, in our domestic teachings, do all in our power to extirpate selfishness, especially from the breasts of our daughters. Selfishness is not to be endured in woman. In the catalogue of her faults, we do not expect to have forbearance with that. It wars with the nature of her duties, and subverts her happiness. It will be found, on a comparative analysis of character, that those females who through life have been distinguished for true goodness, were eminently disinterested.'

There can be no better moral instruction than this. Would it were in Mrs. SIGOURNEY'S power to illustrate its truth completely. It is the key to the secrets of education which have never been appreciated, nor even seen. It involves the whole future of man, and is inseparable from the improvement of society.

It would afford us pleasure to make large extracts from this book, which is calculated for eminent usefulness; but we have, in our scanty extracts, furnished our readers with enough to awaken their interest, and to induce them to peruse it themselves. Like '*Fireside Education*,' noticed in our last number, it is throughout crowded with admirable lessons, such as every mother ought to learn by heart.

We cannot dismiss this valuable work, without finding a little fault, which Mrs. SIGOURNEY can very well afford to have suggested. Does she not allow herself to use some similes which enfeeble instead of strengthening the didactic style? And might not such stereotyped ones as this, better have been spared? 'The passions, like Minerva, have sprung armed into life.' If 'like Minerva' were out, would not the figure be suggested in a more forcible expression? We leave it also to our accomplished author to say whether, on reflection, the following passage would not be stronger, and more elegant, without the illustration:

'If nurture of an immortal being for immortality is an honorable work, and if its earliest impressions are allowed to be most indelible, those who minister to its humblest wants, partake in some measure of its elevated destiny; as the porters and Levites derived dignity from the temple-service, though they might not wear the Urim and Thummim of the High Priest, or direct the solemn sacrifices, when the flame of Heaven descended upon the altar.'

The volume is characterized, in its externals, by excellence of material, and much typographical neatness.

EDITORS' TABLE.

MR. STEPHENS' 'INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.' — After the previous pages of the present number had been sent to the press, we received, from a distinguished source, a communication in relation to certain alleged errors, in that portion of Mr. STEPHENS' late volumes, which treats of his travels in, and remarks upon Greece, and the character of her people. The critic pays a deserved tribute to the style of the work, and the inexhaustible good humor of the author; and doubts not that 'it has afforded pleasure to thousands, who, stretched carelessly upon a sofa, have wiled away pleasant hours, rambling in imagination with the lively writer, among the scenes he describes;' but the reviewer presently declares his intention to deal, 'not with the merits, but the demerits of the book; to point out some of its errors, and to show that the work is to be read rather for pleasure than profit.' It is conceded, that where our author gives an account of what he himself saw in Greece, he does it well, but that 'he betrays gross ignorance, and inflicts great injustice,' when he talks of the character of the people, or their social and political institutions. 'And how,' says our critic, 'could it be otherwise? He passed but eight weeks in the country; he knew nothing of the language; he was in the hands of cunning dragomans, and ignorant muleteers,' and placed implicit confidence in the 'stories of any body who could talk English.' The writer proceeds:

'We were grieved at our author's misrepresentations of some points of the Greek character, but shocked at the cruel injustice he does the nation, when he says: "The Greeks speak of Byron with all the rancor and bitterness of party spirit!" What! has not that accursed old leaven of ingratitude yet worked out? Can the descendants of those who so quickly repaired the wrong done to Aristides, and mourned repentantly over the remains of banished Cimon, cherish hatred of the dead, and refuse to do honor to him who, with his pen, and his purse, and his good right arm, did their cause so much service? — who threw himself into their ranks, in the darkest hour of their dreadful struggle, and sealed his attachment with his life? Can it be that the Greeks are not grateful to Byron? Our author says they are not; but we say *they are*; and we appeal to the shock felt throughout Greece, when the sad news went forth from Missolonghi, and was received in every town with loud lamentations; we appeal to the acts of the government, to the funeral pageant, to the language of the press, to all the foreigners who were then in the country, in proof of our assertion. It was not Tricoupi alone who pronounced a glowing eulogy of Byron; it was not alone Kalvas who sang his praises, and mourned in verse for his loss; but in every newspaper or book, that has since been printed, the sadness and the gratitude of the people have been expressed, whenever allusions are made to Byron.

'It may be said that this has changed, and that the people now speak of Byron, as the author of the 'Incidents' accuses them of doing; but it is not so; and we boldly appeal to those who spend time enough in Greece to get any knowledge of the people, at *first hand*, and not through interpreters, to confirm our denial. Nay, we speak from our own knowledge; for we too have travelled in Greece; not like our author, 'doing up' the country in eight weeks, but in more than as many months; we know something of the country, for we have bivouac'd in the tambouris of her 'kleftes' and her 'braves;' we have eaten *youvourti* with her *japanides*; we have bounded among the Cyclades with her sailors; we have taken *gleeko* with her primates; we have drank wine with her young men, and danced with her maidens, and held converse with all, not through a valet or a dragoman, but in their own melodious tongue; and we can bear witness to the language of admiration, and the tribute of a sigh, which the mention of the name of Byron ever extorted. We had a miniature engraving of him, and we have seen many a soldier's eye dimmed, while gazing upon the features; and it even yet bears the mark of a rough old captain's tear, who would insist upon kissing it again and again. No! Be the sins of the modern Greeks what they may, ingratitude to Byron is not one of them. Their feelings toward him are correctly expressed in the ode of Kalvas, and especially in this stanza:

Σὲ η̃ Ἑλλὰς ἐγνωρίμων
ὡς φίλον μεγαλόψυχον
ῥητὶ να στεφανώσῃ.
ὡς παρηγορήτην, τῆς,
ὡς εὐργετην.

The reviewer proceeds to cite other instances, wherein 'the random, rattling style of

writing leads our author to do injustice to others, and to betray a superficial knowledge,' and begins with his remarks upon the character and administration of Capo d'Istria:

'Our author says truly, that Capo d'Istria was a man of great talents; but he errs egregiously, when he states, that the motives of his withdrawal from the service of Russia, is conclusive evidence of his patriotism; and he does great wrong, when he flippantly says, that 'Capo d'Istria, strong in his own integrity, and confidently relying on the fidelity and gratitude of his countrymen, was assassinated in the street, on his way to mass.' He is wrong in the general view of the character and administration of the President; wrong in supposing him to have relied upon any thing but the fidelity of his body guard, and his friends in the Russian fleet; and wrong in the details of the affair. He evidently knows no more about Capo d'Istria, his administration, and his death, than about the seventy-seventh emperor of China. The reader of the 'Incidents' would infer that young Mavromichalis was a cowardly assassin; but did he know the true history of the case, he would rank him with such assassins as Brutus. The brave old Mavromichalis was the hereditary feudal chief of the Mainotes; the hardy descendants of the old Spartans, who had kept their mountain region free from the contamination of the Turks; forced them to acknowledge their prowess, and the authority of their feudal chief, and paid them only a nominal tribute. During the long and bloody struggle for independence, no chief more distinguished himself than the grey-headed Bey of Mama. That brave old man, with his braver sons by his side, exposed his person in battle, and expended his riches in supplying the wants of the army; and at the end of the war, his brothers were all slain, and of his sons, two only remained. After the long agony was over, and the independence of Greece had been achieved, came Capo d'Istria, followed by a swarm of hungry leeches, Europeanized Greeks, who had kept aloof during the seven years of peril and strife. The native chiefs were stripped of their possessions and their power; old Mavromichalis was decoyed to Napoli, and imprisoned! Ay! the wild mountaineer, the independent chieftain, who from his cradle had been taught to prefer death to servitude, was confined in a prison! And what did his sons do? How did they reason, and feel, and act? Like men; uncivilized, to be sure — unused to law and to submission — but still, like men — brave men. The feeling was almost universal in Greece, that Capo d'Istria had trampled upon law, had violated his pledges, had assumed tyrannical power, and intended to make of Greece a Russian province. We say this feeling was almost universal, and we believe it was well-founded.

'The sons of old Mavromichalis resolved to free their country of the tyrant; but they resolved to sacrifice themselves like brave men. They repaired to the public square of Napoli, armed, as was their wont; and when the President issued from the church, surrounded by his guard, armed to the teeth, the young men sprang forward, and with their pistols' mouths almost touching his person, blew him to pieces. Instantly one of them was pierced with a score of swords, but the other broke away, and in spite of yatagans grazing his body, and pistol bullets whistling through his hair, gained a place of refuge. He was soon taken, however, and glorying in the deed he had done, was condemned to be shot. He was a gallant and a goodly youth, that same 'assassin.' He was an Apollo in person, and a Hotspur in courage; and though rash and impetuous in conduct, was noted for his frankness, and generosity, and spirit. He was led out to the death of a felon, and by a refinement of cruelty, was marched by the castle where his old father was confined. But his bearing was bold to the last. He looked up to the castle-wall for some signal from his father, distinguished his waving hand, and after answering it, turned and bared his bosom to the levelled muskets of his executioners.'

Another instance of what the reviewer terms 'gross injustice done to individuals by our credulous traveller,' is thus recorded:

'The author of the 'Incidents' says: 'The Americans who served in the Greek army, were rather a shabby set. Jarvis was the most distinguished, and I never heard any imputations on his character.' He then mentions several individuals, among them 'Allen, another American patriot, who was hung at Constantinople,' and adds: 'Another behaved gallantly as a soldier, but sullied his laurels by appropriating the money entrusted to him by the Greek Committee.' Now this sweeping denunciation of men who toiled and suffered for years, without reward, is unpardonable in one who is evidently ignorant of the whole matter. This Jarvis whom he lauds, passed for an American, until some *bona fide* Yankees found him to be a Jew, from Altona, who never had seen America, and whose only claim to citizenship of the United States was, that his father had been consular agent, and that he himself spoke cockney English. While the Americans in the army served as volunteers, Jarvis drew pay for two hundred men, and kept twenty!

'By the American' who behaved gallantly as a soldier, but sullied his laurels by appropriating the money entrusted to him by the Greek Committee,' the writer must mean a gentleman now resident in Vermont, for he was the only one of the army entrusted with funds by the Committee. He did distinguish himself most gallantly, and won golden opinions from the Greek 'braves,' who called him the American *Delhi*, or 'dare-devil.' But a fouler aspersion never was put upon a brave man, than our author (ignorantly, we doubt not,) has put upon this gallant Phil-hellene. He did serve without fee or reward in the distribution of the supplies of the Greek Committee; he did have *carte blanche* in the disposal of money and goods; and, we happen to know, came home not only without money, but with hardly a whole shirt to his back.

'As for the other gentlemen, whom our author denounces as a 'shabby set,' we believe their services are known and appreciated in Greece, at least; we never heard their names mentioned there, save with respect and affection; and one of them, at least, has received numerous tokens of the grateful recollection of distinguished individuals, and even of the governments of Capo d'Istria and King Otho. Doubtless our traveller believed all that was told him by his authority, whom he calls Mr. M., and whom we suppose to be the same discontented and carping Scotsman, who was 'loafing' about Napoli when we visited it; but he should be careful how he retails stories, for the truth of which he cannot vouch.'

Our reviewer denounces as 'most uncourteous, nay, even most ungentlemanly,' the manner in which mention is made of the 'Maid of Athens':

'This lady, the daughter of a Greek who acted as English Consul at Athens, was a beautiful and interesting child, when Lord Byron lodged at her father's house, some twenty-eight years ago. She grew up to womanhood with an irreproachable character; and during all the horrors of the

revolution, though flying with her family several times to the islands, or the mountains, from the Turks, and enduring the pangs of bitter poverty, she and her sisters ever contrived to keep up an appearance of respectability, and even of gentility. Several years ago, she gave her hand and heart to a Scottish gentleman of good character; and with him has lived happily. But now she must be dragged forth to disagreeable notoriety, by every flippant tourist; and even our author exclaims: 'The 'Maid of Athens' is married to a Scotsman! the Maid of Athens is now Mrs. Black! wife of George Black! head of the Police! and her son's name is * * * * Black! and she has other little Blacks!' Now this is not only in bad taste, but it is an outrageous violation of propriety; it is the besetting sin of tourists, who pander to a depraved public taste. Doubtless copies of this book will find their way to Athens, and excite any thing but pleasant feelings in the minds of the parties concerned. We know not how the husband may feel, but we suspect that if the tourist again visits Athens, he may chance to find that 'black is the white of his eye.'

The reviewer hints, in conclusion, that in addition to the 'random passages of error' which he here designates, he has reserved others for another number. We are well satisfied that Mr. STEPHENS will gladly avail himself of any authentic corrections in subsequent editions of his work; and it may not be amiss to remark here, that his descriptions of the other countries through which he passed, are pronounced signally faithful, by eminent travellers in the same regions.

THE MARINE ARMOR. — One of the most interesting practical exhibitions which we ever remember to have seen, was that of the 'marine armor,' off the battery, during the late fair of the Mechanics' Institute, at Castle-Garden. As we neared the vessel, whence the 'man-in-armor' was to descend, we beheld suspended at the side of the craft, and on a level with the deck, the ambassador to the court of Neptune. His form was after the model of KNICKERBOCKER's Dutch official, 'like a robustious beer-barrel on skids.' He fronted the town, an uncouth agglomeration of four limbs. Soon after we reached the sloop, the diver began to don his submarine habiliments, which were swung inward from the vessel's side, for the purpose, by means of a block-and-tackle. These were, first, a bronze head-piece, or hat, like an inverted iron pail, with a small glass door, on hinges, in front; this was attached to an India-rubber jacket, terminating near the middle of the body in a strong copper hoop, which was screwed to a corresponding hoop, belonging to the pantaloons, which were also of caoutchouc, save that below the knee a species of bronze metal was employed for the 'leggings' and boots. A long cord was fastened to his 'mailed right hand,' and a small engine-hose, (which, yankee-like, the inventor alluded to, as 'that air-pipe,') coiled up like a huge snake on the deck, had wormed its head into the top of his hat; and thus accoutred, and suspended by the head, he rested his iron feet gently upon the rail, and bowed, with very little of French grace, to the swarming crowd in Castle-Garden, and the dense multitude on the Battery. As he turned toward us, with his red night-cap'd head, and flushed countenance, he looked, behind his narrow glass window, like a rejuvenated mummy, in a rude Egyptian sarcophagus. He stretched out his arm, and a gloved hand, as large as the 'hand of Providence,' which we took with fearful forebodings, remembering Spenser's warning:

'Certes who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue?'

But we found him no 'great shakes,' considering his 'deadly aspect.' His was merely a hearty hand-salute, of the pump-handle class; 'right up and down, and no mistake.' He presently descended slowly into the water, here some twenty or thirty feet in depth, singing as he went,

'Come, mariner, down in the deep with me,
And hide thee under the wave;'

and soon began to walk off very deliberately, indicating his whereabouts by the great air-bubbles which ever and anon gurgled up from below. In about twenty minutes, he emerged near the embankment-wall of the Garden, and saluting the audience, who were looking down upon him from the battlements, soon re-descended into the water, and after walking about in the depths below, for half an hour, and climbing up a high pole, rising out of the water, he made a signal that he had found something of moment, but what it was, he did not communicate, although no less than four persons were busily engaged in 'pumping him,' from on board the vessel. He was drawn slowly up, when

lo! clasped in those huge arms, 'capable of a wide embrace,' rose to view a brimming basket of champagne; and while the 'rover of the deep' hung in a state of suspense that scarcely permitted his feet to touch the deck, the bottles were opened, and the foaming wine passed around to the invited guests. Certain aldermen, and other *bon vivants*, triumphantly confirmed our own impressions of its delicious coolness and excellent quality; and the purveyor himself, who swallowed a tumbler *via* his opened glass orifice, looking, meantime, like a man taking refreshment in a pillory, pronounced it unexceptionable. He conversed with us from his window, and exceedingly well, too, while the wine was circulating. The proprietor was occupied, he said, during a part of the last winter, in searching the wreck of the Bristol, near Rockaway. A large amount in iron, steel, and gold, was recovered from the wreck. He described his emotions when he first essayed the armor, one rough day, and walked securely in the far-down deep, while above him

'The hoarse gray surge was rolling,
With a mountain's motion on,'

Sometimes, when the rays of the sun trembled greenly through the dimly-transparent flood, he could catch faint glimpses of strange fish playing around him. He was not quite sure that he did not once encounter a mermaid, in an amphibious nondescript, that, to his unpractised eye,

—— 'seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul, in many a scaly fold.'

He also frequently saw shoals of porpoises swarming and fretting in his wake. This was at first a source of some alarm; but they seldom came very near him. It seemed to be no small consolation to them, that while he made them keep their distance, he kept his at the same time. They evidently disliked his family, and were little disposed to associate with one of his *standing*. When the sun was in a cloud, 'darkness visible' was the only light that revealed the 'dim obscure,' the vast swelling into the infinite, in the unknown deep, above and around him. And thus the sea-walker beguiled the time, until the hour for igniting a keg of powder, at the bottom of the bay, had arrived. This feat, which is 'a part of the system,' was twice successfully accomplished, the water swelling up, in a solid mass, some fifteen or twenty feet, and falling like the awful whirlpools that rise and break near the foot of Niagara, casting up mire and dirt, and bearing on its surface the risen flame, creating an impression, for a moment, that the operators had supplied an important desideratum in the arts, by at last setting the North River on fire. Seriously, however, this sub-marine armor is a most wonderful invention; and we are glad to learn, that a 'Sub-marine Armor Company' has been established, and that nearly all its stock has already been taken. Its gains cannot fail to be immense. Our coasts and rivers teem with wrecks, as do similar waters elsewhere; and when it is considered, that with this armor one can descend to the bed of the ocean, and work for hours together among the treasures of the deep, it needs no seer to predict, that Captain TAYLOR, the ingenious inventor, and the Company who have brought his labors to account, will be well rewarded for their united genius and enterprise.

THE LATE ECLIPSE. — How many thousands were gazing, at the same moment, at this sublime phenomenon, and in how many bosoms simultaneously arose deep emotions of wonder and sublimity, when, at the minutest point of time predicted, the sun's edge was visibly clipped by the wide-moving and mighty shadow! Countless hearts were lifted in awe to the Great Architect; and amidst faint conceptions of the wonderful order and beauty which mark the changes and movements of the planetary systems, came thoughts of the distant past; of the millions who had come and gone, since first this phenomena dimmed the eye of the startled beholder, while the immutable heavens have known no change. Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of time, and there remains no wreck of them any more; yet Arcturus, Orion, Sirius, and the Pleiades

are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them on the plain of Shinar.' As this wondrous planet, earth, is journeying with its fellows through infinite space, so are the wondrous destinies embarked on it, journeying through infinite time, under the same high guidance. How many will be irrevocably fixed, before the sun shall again be darkened by that shadowy eclipse!

'POTTERS' FIELD.'—Few readers in the country, we may believe, know what is the reality of that town receptacle, *par excellence*, the 'Potters' Field.' Nor had we a full sense of its character, until, some months since, on a fine dewy summer morning, we accompanied a friend to the spot, a little way from the northern suburb of the metropolis. 'The sun was warm, the sky was clear,' and as we entered the gate that opens into the spacious enclosure, the wind at first came fresh and balmy from the west; but as we arose a gentle green swell, and saw before us the long dun-colored ridge that marked the place where the latest victims had been laid, a pungent 'smell of mortality' was borne to us upon the breeze, insomuch that the boldest held his breath for a time. We presently stood beside the 'place of deposit,' for that is the term. A trench, a little wider than the average height of man, and some five feet deep, is dug along the entire field. Cross-wise of this, are laid the coarse coffins of the needy and the destitute, who, having fought with poverty and affliction, until death made it a drawn battle, here repose from the unequal contest. As we were scanning the rude coffins—some long, others short, the intervening chinks filled in, in rigid economy of space, with infants, 'in their smiles and innocent age cut off'—the low murmur of decay came to the ear, from beneath the lime-sprinkled surface, dimly-sombre, like meeting snow upon a dark ground. We could not but call to mind, as we gazed upon this scene, the lines of the lamented BRIGHT:

'Yet it matters not much, when the bloom is fled,
And the light is gone from the lustrous eye,
And the sensitive heart is cold and dead,
Where the mouldering ashes are left to lie;
It matters not much, if the soaring mind,
Like the flowers' perfume, is exhaled to heaven,
That its earthly shroud should be cast behind,
To decay wherever a place is given.'

Surely, thought we, our departed friend, when he wrote these beautiful stanzas, had never beheld a spot, 'a place that is *given*,' like this! Ridge beyond ridge, to yonder fence-paling, lie, in 'cold obstruction,' the thick swaths of humanity! Sometimes a violent rain washes away the earth, when the ends of the coarse coffins, the mouldering and the new, tier above tier, are bared to the day—an awful spectacle! Yet the walks and grassy avenues of Washington Square, along which flit the light feet of the beautiful, the young, and the gay, cover a close succession of these ribbed trenches, full crowded with their myriad sleepers! Apart from these long reservoirs of death, is a grassy corner, a privileged spot, where, for one 'almighty dollar,' a shallow grave may be purchased. Four or five rude and ill-shapen excavations, of some three feet depth, were here yawning for their tenants; and in the damp corners of one or two of them, were squatted three or four bright green toads, the 'precious jewels in their heads' sparkling in the falling light, and their semi-recumbent bodies bathed in the morning dew. No one can turn from scenes like these, and think lightly of the disposition of the body after death. The rural cemetery arises to the mind, in palpable contrast; and the beholder, as he passes from the field of promiscuous burial, exclaims with the poet:

'Not amid trenches rude,
Or coffins dark and thick with ancient mould,
May rest my bones;
But let the dewy rose,
The snow-drop, and the violet, lend perfume
Above the spot, where in my grassy tomb
I take repose!'

SCIENTIFIC BURLESQUES. — The 'Torch,' a clever London periodical, for late numbers of which we are indebted to the kindness of a friend in England, has an amusing report of an 'Association for the Advancement of Science,' held at Newcastle, England. The subjects discussed are somewhat unique. In the department of mathematical and physical science, a committee reports in favor of instituting a prosecution for libel against Sir JOHN HERSCHELL, for 'making observations' on the moon; and another proposes 'a reduction of the stars, in consequence of the more economical diffusion of gas-light.' The mineral logical and chemical section have an animated discussion of 'quarts;' and a learned member reads 'a very interesting paper on the chemical combinations of 'half-and-half,' observing, that if the one liquor should predominate over the other, it would be a misnomer; and illustrating the theory, by combining the fluids together in such nice proportions, as to enable him to swallow them both together, without the company present being able to pronounce which first arrived at its destination!' A second describes an experiment which he made with '*Cordialis Hodgesii*,' which we take to be 'Hodges' Best,' in the spiritual way. He reports, that he took a bottle of the fluid, and poured upon it barely as much cold water as was sufficient to prevent its being what is technically denominated 'neat,' expecting thus, of course, to procure a saturating solution. This he continued to imbibe, until it began to diminish in specific gravity; and he was much astonished to observe, that on a second experiment being made, *his* gravity appeared to diminish with it; and it was found that each succeeding solution diminished in quantity, and smelt less of the '*Cordialis Hodgesii*,' in proportion as the bottle was emptied of its contents. He was not aware, until apprised by a police constable, that the Marquis of Waterford had noticed this action of a *small* quantity of water on the same liquid, before!

A member of the section of 'Medical Science' read a curious paper 'on the quantity of air required by a member of Parliament during the progress of a debate;' and submitted a new method of raising the wind, which had met with the cordial approbation of many of the Irish members. He also noticed instances in the House of Commons, where the air which had been pure and fit for human respiration, previous to a speech of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, had, subsequent to an oration of that individual, become fetid, and unfit to enter the lungs of a Christian. The learned member was followed by a medical gentlemen, who exhibited to the meeting the skull of Eugene Aram, when a school-boy, and a second son of Galen presented *another* of the same individual, when at a more advanced age! The innocence of the boy, contrasted with the criminality of the murderer, as clearly developed in the two existing heads, was highly corroborative of the incontrovertibility of skullology. An illiterate by-stander, who interrupted the meeting by asking 'how Eugene Aram came to have *two* skulls?' was immediately taken into custody, and lodged in the county gaol. The business of the section of Zoology, was confined to an account 'of a short-sighted fish, which had been seen with *barnacles*, on the coast of Surinam!' And thus terminated the eighth quarterly meeting of the Newcastle 'Association for the Advancement of Science.'

Since the above was placed in type, Boz's latest 'Report of the Second Meeting of the Mudfog Association for the Promotion of Everything,' has reached us. The reporter dates his communications from the 'Blackboy and Stomach-ache' inn, Oldeastle, (a palpable hit at the ridiculous tavern-signs in England, such as the 'Bull-and-Mouth,' the 'Cat-and-Salutation,' etc.,) where, considering the immense throng of strangers in Mudfog, he has succeeded in obtaining 'very comfortable accommodations, on very reasonable terms, having secured a sofa in the first-floor passage, at one guinea per night, which includes permission to take his meals in the bar, on condition that he walks about the streets at all other times, to make room for other gentlemen similarly situated!' He finds, also, that equally felicitous accommodations may be obtained at a rival hotel, the 'Boot-jack and Countenance,' where have already arrived, among other distinguished *savans*, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Long Eers, Sir Hookham Snivey, Mr. X. Misty, and Prof. Pumpkinskull. The section of Zoology and Botany is opened with a paper on the disappearance of dancing bears from the streets of London, with observations on the exhibition of monkeys, as connected with barrel-organs. The former, it should seem, had gradually fallen off, until not one remained, to create a taste for natural history in the breasts of the poor and uninstructed;

and of the latter, the proportion, in the year 1829, it appeared by the parliamentary return, was as one monkey to three organs! In the department of 'Display of Modes and Mechanical Science,' a member 'exhibited a most beautiful and delicate machine, of little larger size than an ordinary snuff-box, manufactured entirely by himself, and composed exclusively of steel; by the aid of which, more pockets could be picked in one hour, than by the present slow and tedious process, in four and twenty.' Another presented a treatise, entitled, 'Practical Suggestions on the necessity of providing some harmless and wholesome relaxation for the young Noblemen of England.' A space of ground was to be enclosed, in which should be erected stables for such as affected ostlering; streets, also, should be provided with cheap houses, and door-bells, whose handles could be easily pulled off at night; lamps, which could be broken at a comparatively small expense per dozen; foot-pavements, for gentlemen to drive their cabriolets upon, with pedestrians from the work-house, who might be knocked down and run over, for a trifling charge per head; and a police office, with automaton officers, should be attached, furnished with an inclined plane, for any nobleman or gentleman who might wish to bring in his horse as a witness! An admirable satire this, upon the 'Marquis of Waterford' class of the nobility, and the ease with which they escape the penalty of their misdemeanors. We can allude to but one more specimen: 'Mr. Blank exhibited a model of a fashionable annual, composed of copper-plates, gold leaf, and silk boards, and worked entirely by *milk and water*! Mr. Prosee, after examining the machine, declared it to be so ingeniously composed, that he was wholly unable to discover how it went on at all;' to which the exhibitor replied: 'Nobody can, and that's the beauty of it!'

PORTRAIT OF 'BOZ'—PICKWICK IN AMERICA. — A large and finished portrait of the author of the 'Papers of the Pickwick Club,' the only one in America, flashes upon the passer-by, in the window of the publication office of this Magazine, Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, Broadway. The countenance is that of a young man of some twenty-three years, and its general expression, the reader will scarcely be prepared to learn, is that of melancholy. A profusion of fair hair is parted gracefully over an ample forehead, replete with the best intellectual 'organs,' and falls carelessly over the ears. The mouth is expressive and well cut, and that invariable accompaniment of talent, a full-rounded nostril, is a conspicuous feature. We had secretly promised ourselves the pleasure of being enabled to present our readers, during the progress of the present volume, with original articles from the pen of the author of the inimitable Pickwickian records; but we must postpone the gratification, it should seem, until it can be enjoyed in an enhanced and double sense. Mr. DICKENS writes, under date of August 31st: 'I should be very happy to write for the KNICKERBOCKER, but I do assure you, that I have scarcely time to complete my existing engagements. So I think I must defer this pleasure, until I visit America, which I hope to do before very long, and then I shall be more independent and free, which will be more in keeping.' Mr. DICKENS has doubtless learned, from the unanimous testimony of his countrymen, who have travelled among us, that the Americans, as a mass, are a humor-loving people. Should he journey through, or tarry within our borders, for a brief space, he will find the best proof of this verdict, in the fact, that he is himself, as an author, universally 'endenized in the national heart.' And here we cannot resist the remark, that the writings of 'Boz,' voluminous and various as they have been, and continue to be, rather increase than flag in interest, as they advance. The latest number of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' which reaches us by the 'Great Western,' fully sustains the promise afforded by the previous portions of the narrative. The affection of the Nickleby family, the fondness and weakness of the mother, the high spirit of Nicholas, and the confiding loveliness of his sister Kate, are clearly depicted, and in fine artistical contrast. The interior of the milliner's shop of Madame Mantalina, with its interesting and amiable forewoman, the once young and pretty, but now old and sycophantic Knag, and the assemblage of heartless puppies of the town, Mr. Verisopht, and kindred worthies, at the house of the cold and unprincipled worldling, Ralph Nickleby, are not less felicitously drawn, and vigorously executed. We 'make a long arm' across the Atlantic, and confidently, in behalf

of some fifty thousand KNICKERBOCKER readers, grasp the unreal hand of our author, and bid him welcome among us, whenever it shall suit his convenience and pleasure to turn his face hitherward.

THE CITY OF ROCHESTER.—We had prepared for the present number an elaborate notice, with liberal extracts, of a work of some four hundred pages, entitled 'Sketches of Rochester, with Incidental Notices of Western New York.' It is 'a collection of various matters, designed to illustrate the progress of Rochester, during the first quarter century of its existence; including a map of the city, and some representations of scenery, edifices, etc. Arranged by HENRY O'REILLY.' The great length to which the department of 'Literary Notices' has extended, must be our apology for presenting a mere synopsis, rather than a review, of the contents of the work. It opens with a brief sketch of the rise, progress, and present condition, of the city of Rochester; gives the geology and medical topography of the town and its vicinity; a history of the lands of the original Six Nations, with some particulars of the principal tracts in the subdivisions of Western New York, the progress of improvement from the Hudson westward to the Genessee and Niagara rivers, together with complete statistics of the city, and sketches of the recent Indian occupants of Western New York, and some of the prominent founders of the town, and promoters of its unrivalled growth and prosperity. The work is full and ample, in all these details, and arranged with much clearness and tact. We can heartily commend it to the reader, as a succinct history, not only of Rochester, but of Western New-York. He will learn, especially, from its pages, what that young town has become, which Capt. BASIL HALL described as a place where 'the streets started up in the forest of their own accord; as if a great box full of new houses had been sent by steam from New-York, and tumbled out on the half-cleared land.' Where he heard the anvils and hammers ringing, and the saws and axes flashing amid the woods, he would now find a noble city of brick and stone, with its spacious well-paved streets its numerous steeples rising heavenward, and its inhabitants rejoicing in its deep and well-founded prosperity. When the Great West shall have filled up, and New York has become a London, what will Rochester—a town which has reached its present estate, not through the aid of immense capitalists, or incorporated companies, but by the industry and integrity of those who, like the city itself, have worked their way up 'from the stump'—what then, we repeat, will Rochester, with its inexhaustible natural resources, become, and what the other noble towns of middle and western New York? The engravings of the volume are clear, and strikingly correct, and the letter-press is handsomely executed, on good paper.

BONAPARTE.—The two volumes from the press of Messrs. CAREY AND HART, entitled 'Napoleon and his Times,' by CAULINCOURT, Duke of Vicenza,' as might naturally be inferred, possess, in portions, absorbing interest. The details, however, have but one tendency—to magnify, alike in peace and war, the character of a selfish and ambitious man, whose fame, like a statue of snow, is slowly melting away beneath the sun of truth. Great indeed was Napoleon, in one sense, but *good* in none. The more conspicuous human instruments by which he worked out his large designs, were slaves to his iron will, not less than the countless thousands who were 'bound with the brave amid Victory's sheaves;' yet they delighted to serve him, so long as he knit up their chains into ornamental festoons, even while laboring, as he always did, to elevate himself above the rest of mankind, by stifling all feelings which he partook in common with them. Such are the real evidences, malgre the transparent glosses, which these volumes afford. It should be added, that they are not written by CAULINCOURT, Duke of Vincenza, but are the recorded conversations of that distinguished nobleman. The work has had a rapid sale, the American edition being already exhausted, although scarcely a week has elapsed since its first publication. Its externals of paper and typography are superior to the 'general run' of similar republications.

THE ARTICLE ON LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT, in the present number, was intended by the writer to have formed an original paper, in the body of the work. Arriving too late, however, to occupy this 'advance position,' we have been compelled, contrary to our custom, to permit an unofficial document to 'lead off' in our own department. We mention this fact, to save any good-natured friend the trouble, by reference to a past volume of this Magazine, of ferreting out that which, unexplained, might strike him as something very like a discrepancy.

THE D R A M A .

PARK THEATRE. — The first month of the new season has passed off brilliantly. POWER, whose unapproachable delineations of Irish character have, from previous visits, become so familiar, has again gone through his round of laughter-moving eccentricities, with unabated effect. It is almost too late in the day to attempt to add any thing, in the way of praise, to the full measure of commendation which has been bestowed upon the efforts of this admirable performer. Mr. POWER has presented, during this engagement, four new pieces, which require some notice. The first and most important of these, is the play entitled '*Rory O'More*,' dramatized from the celebrated novel of that name, by the gifted author. The principal incidents of the tale are effectively introduced, and work together well and naturally enough, in the drama, and make up a plot of more than ordinary interest. It is enough to say, in recommendation of the comedy of the performance that the two principal characters, 'De Welskein' a French Smuggler, and 'Rory O'More' an honest, frolicking, light-hearted son of the sod, are in the hands of PLACIDE and POWER; the bad English of the one, and good Irish of the other, being brought continually (as Mrs. Malaprop would say) in 'beautiful juxtaposition.' Mrs. RICHARDSON added much to the serious interest of the piece, by her effective acting in the part of 'Kathleen.' There was much pathos and beauty in some scenes, especially in her meeting with O'More and Shan Dhu. Mrs. VERNON rattled through the very short scene allotted her, with all that vivacity and spirit which characterise her efforts. This lady, like Mrs. WHEATLEY, slights nothing. In her hands, a character of little importance meets with the same care and justice, as would the prominent heroine of the piece. Mr. RICHINGS, as 'Shan Dhu,' was the picturesque villain that any modern Salvator would fall in love with. In such characters, Mr. Richings is without a rival. His costume is always in 'horribly good' taste; his walk, action, and utterance, bespeak altogether an individual of a description decidedly on the north side of amiable. It is a commonly received opinion, that the devil is less ugly than he is painted; this may be the case with those of his insinuating agents whom Mr. RICHINGS occasionally represents; but whether his studies are from copies, or from Nature herself, his pictures are perfect specimens of that sort of personage which a traveller of tolerably delicate nerves would willingly avoid encountering alone on a heath at midnight. Those who have read the book — and who has not? — need not be told of the racy portraits of Irish character with which it abounds, nor be advised of the interest of the plot. The scenes between De Welskein and Rory, are full of fun. The Fox story is a 'whopper,' and comes off at the end with a *twang*, which contrasts quite dramatically with the previous jest.

We are not able to say much in praise of the piece entitled '*Confounded Foreigners*,' the principal humor of which seems to consist in the bungling efforts of a Frenchman to pass for an Irishman, and of an Irishman to hide his brogue under a French disguise. It is rather a silly affair, and hardly worth the trouble of a rehearsal. '*The Irish Lion*' comes next, and excepting the broad humor of the first scene — interspersed as it is with some original scintillations of Irish wit, made the most of by the '*modus loquendi*' of the inimitable TYRONE this piece will gain nothing by comparison with the last. *McIntosh and Co.* is not much better. PLACIDE and POWER, together, however, can hardly fail to infuse some spirit into the dulllest dramatic compound. There is almost as much improbability in the story of this piece, as in the '*Irish Lion*,' and no increase of originality. It is, however, more deserving of the exertions of the 'dram. per.' than either of the two last. The wit is less farcical, and the situations more dramatic, than is generally characteristic of such ephemeral trifles.

'MADAME VESTRIS,' (now Mrs. C. MATTHEWS,) and her husband, have been of course the greatest 'features' of the month. Public expectation was more than usually aroused to witness the most celebrated English artist of her time, and extravagant notions of her merits, both as a singer and actress, existed. Madame VESTRIS has sustained some of her most varied and favorite characters; and perhaps the greatest commendation we can bestow upon her, is to declare, that public expectation has not been much disappointed. It is possible that the diversity of talent which she has displayed, is after all the greatest wonder. Some one has said, that she is the

best singer for an actress, and the best actress for a singer, that has appeared in our day. Her vocal powers are certainly brilliant. Her voice appears to be a 'mezzo-contralto' of exquisite purity—a sweet *voix de salon*, possessing degrees of moderation truly surprising. The simple ballads introduced in her performances, are given with a finish and effect which, with but one exception, we have never heard equalled. Of her acting, so much has been said, that we are quite unable to add any thing in the way of criticism. As an actress, she certainly stands alone. She is 'sui generis,' and cannot be compared, in justice, with any other. But it is not, as some of her admirers have asserted, because she 'soars above the regular standard of criticism.' She does no such thing. She cannot act in opposition to its laws, nor in defiance of its opinions. She is amenable to the rules which govern the art histrionic, as any other performer. If her strength does not lie in what is called the legitimate drama, she is nevertheless guided by the same natural laws that influence the most orthodox comedian. It is absurd to suppose, that the exercise of any particular passion, the same muscles of the face, the same actions of the body, are not requisite; as if, for example, to express the love of comedy, and the love of farce, two sets of muscles were required. If Madame VESTRIS is above the rules of criticism, heaven help her! Every thing which she attempts, seems at once stamped with the utmost finish of art. There is nothing more to be desired; no awful pauses, for the imagination to lath and plaster, but each minute particular of the scene is noted and expressed, with the most careful attention. If her performances are of a character which does not astonish, they always please. There is no drawback, no occasional brilliancy, breaking forth at one moment, to be contrasted the next with more than Egyptian darkness. The most cynical are pleased. In her acting all is smooth, and critically just.

A most agreeable disappointment was encountered, in the case of this lady's husband, Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS. Although descended from the greatest favorite in the theatrical world, the American public did not expect to find the son so far advanced in the remembered excellence of the father. As a light comedian, (we may say it boldly,) Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS has but one superior in this country. As an eccentric of the school of his lamented father, he is already far beyond any one of that host of imitators, who have attempted (alas, how vainly!) to fill the place of the great original. The same spirit of fun, the same quick observation; the almost intuitive perception of the diversified eccentricities of humanity; the sensitive temperament, in itself an evidence of genius, which characterised the father, seem to have descended upon the son. Our observation upon these gifted strangers must at this time necessarily be brief and general. We hope to refer to them often hereafter, and to point out, more particularly, their peculiar merits. We cannot leave Madame VESTRIS, however, without adverting to her introduction, upon the Park boards, of that unique spirit of order, and correct stage management, which made her own theatre so celebrated at home. In the furniture of rooms, in the dresses, and in the perfect propriety of all the stage-arrangements, there is a most perceptible improvement, on the nights of her performance. We hope the stage-manager will take a lesson from her, and exercise a little of the same propriety upon other occasions.

With all the particular talent which, as 'stars,' now shines at the Park Theatre, there are so many constant drawbacks to enjoyment, in the unpardonable deficiencies of the stock company, that we can only wonder at the patient endurance which this suffering public, night after night, evinces. With but a single light-comedian, and he certainly not superior, without one member, in the entire company, capable of sustaining even second parts in tragedy; with a most plentiful lack of talent, suitable for the minor characters in either tragedy, comedy, or farce; the Park Theatre is nightly crammed, from floor to ceiling, with the best-natured audiences that ever suffered martyrdom. No one can blame the manager. Tell him that his stock company, with a few brilliant exceptions, would disgrace a barn, and with smiling complacency, he can point to his overflowing treasury. Ask him why he does not engage a full complement of respectable actors, for at least the minor characters. 'What advantage would that be to me,' answers the satisfied director, 'when I can fill the house without them?' 'Cui bono?' indeed. If half a loaf answers the purpose of a whole one, why be at unnecessary expense for a superabundance! There is Mr. GANN placed on the boards of the Park, since the demise of an old favorite, for the purpose, it is presumed, of deluding the public with the belief that he is 'filling the place' of the lamented CLARKE. And how he does it! Mr. Clarke was one of the best readers on the stage. Mr. Gann, we grieve to say, is one of the worst. If there was nothing particularly brilliant in the acting of his predecessor, there was never a lack of propriety in his manner upon the stage. There is just as much of one as of the other, in his substitute, whom we have heard compared to an over-grown butcher. In the presence of his superiors, as for instance when before Frederick the Great, in the character of one of his generals, Clarke always put off his hat. In the same situation, Mr. Gann always puts his on. Clarke always knew his text, which, believing it to be a somewhat important auxiliary to his performance, he probably learned before coming to the theatre. Mr. Gann seems to consider this

knowledge a matter of supererogation, and therefore saves himself a great deal of trouble, all of which he generously bestows upon the prompter. Whether it is Mr. JOHNSON or Mr. NEXSEN who is to be considered the substitute of JOHN MASON, we are somewhat perplexed to ascertain. Mr. JOHNSON is quite an old favorite, and so is Mr. NEXSEN; and in that respect, neither can be said to have the advantage. In comparing the individual qualifications, however, we are decidedly of opinion that Mr. JOHNSON has the most spirit of the two. He is not afraid to speak above his breath, and therefore we think that in heroic tragedy he would be more like his predecessor than would Mr. NEXSEN. But in light comedy and farce, in those dashing, genteel characters, which Mr. MASON knew so well how to personate, such as Capt. Absolute, the gentleman in 'P. P.,' Benedict, perhaps Charles Surface, and many others, Mr. NEXSEN has decidedly the advantage over his contemporary. In sentimental comedy, also, Mr. NEXSEN must succeed. There is a soft melancholy in his air and appearance, he is gifted with a subdued and particularly mellow tone of voice, which admirably fits him for such parts as Clifford, 'The Stranger,' and Jacques, in 'As you Like It.'

With such advantages, indeed, even Hamlet might be tenderly dealt with. It is particularly in the exhibition of deep sentiment, that Mr. NEXSEN chiefly excels. We have remarked the expression of his intellectual countenance, upon such occasions, with peculiar interest. Nothing can be more touching, for instance, than his manner, when in the act of making a declaration of the tender passion. With a solemnity of aspect which would make the fortune of an undertaker, his hat gracefully disposed under his left arm, his right hand either most sentimentally laid upon that part of his outer garment which lies nearest his heart, or oratorically extended from his side, with all the emphasis of a tin kettle unbroken in the spout, he casts his eyes upward with the soul-subduing expression of an unsophisticated duck in a thunder-storm. But this rather enthusiastic encomium must not in any wise detract from the merits of his rival. Both have their peculiar beauties. Perhaps Mr. JOHNSON produces his greatest effects, when he speaks the peasant. Not that his voice lacks melody, but because, like other great artists, he has a language in his face — 'a silence that speaks.' Mr. BEDFORD has not been so long before us, as either of the brilliant spirits just named, though long enough, perhaps, to give us an idea of his great merit. There is a martial bearing, combined with the ease of old gentility, which fit him sweetly for the personation of dashing military characters. His personation of a general officer, in 'St. Patrick's Eve,' is a thing to be remembered. He seemed the identification of chivalry. The sword clung naturally to his hand, and flew from its scabbard as if it would emulate the giant rapier wielded by the Douglas, or the no less trusty weapon of the gallant Cœur de Lion. It seemed, indeed, rather unwilling to return to its sheath, and when there, testified that sort of uneasiness which Jacques of the 'Honey Moon' so aptly compares to the 'trick of a monkey's tail.' But we have said enough. Such men combine the useful and ornamental, to a most accommodating extent; and any stage, even a metropolitan, is fortunate in possessing such rare adornments. Long may they grace the Park!

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NATIONAL THEATRE.—Mr. WALLACK, himself a host, has opened the theatrical campaign with abundant vigor, at this establishment. To Mr. FORREST succeeded DE BÉGNIS, an eminent musical actor and vocalist, of the highest reputation in Europe. He established his rank here at once, and won deserved applause. WALLACK's first appearance chanced to be to merely a respectable audience. We say 'chanced,' because the benefit of the wonderful RAVELS at Niblo's and the first benefit of MATTHEWS at the Park, operated adversely for his interests. He has lost none of his great popularity, let us assure him, with the New-York public, who have seldom met his equal, in his particular line. 'Rolla,' 'Massaroni,' and 'Dick Dashiell' were never better sustained on the American boards. As we write, CELESTE is crowding the theatre, to the very street, with her performance in 'St. Mary's Eve,' a piece which had an extraordinary run in England and France. Miss SHIREFF, a distinguished vocalist, with other 'stars' of celebrity, in their various walks, are to follow in their turn. Judicious stage-management, beautiful scenery, and the best stock company in the United States, have elevated the National Theatre to a high place in the regards of all theatre-goers.

THE SIMPSON BENEFIT, as we predicted, crowded the Park Theatre with the chief beauty and fashion of the town. The performances were by all the most prominent actors and actresses in the country, and went off with unusual eclat. The 'Address,' from the pen of EPES SARGANT, Esq., was spoken with admirable effect by Miss TREE. It was a beautiful production, and in excellent taste. Its arrangement would seem to have been suggested by the lines of SWAIN, if we remember rightly, on the death of SCOTT, wherein the characters of romance and poetry, drawn by the great novelist, move by in solemn procession, at Dryburgh Abbey.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE. — AMERICAN WORKS ABROAD. — We are indebted to the considerate kindness of a friend in London, for some late and gratifying literary intelligence. He tells us that Miss MARTINEAU has published a new work entitled 'How to Observe, or Morals and Manners.' Its title is ominous, and smacks of the female philosophess. The American reader, conversant with the discursive habits of the politico-economic writer, will exclaim with Sir HUGH EVANS: 'I spy a great peard under her muffler; I like not when a 'oman has a great peard.' This work has been just published by the Messrs. HARPERS. BOSWORTH'S Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, in a large octavo, which has been fifteen years in preparation, has just appeared, and is the only complete work of the kind extant. The 'Letters from Rome,' familiar originally to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, have been published by BENTLEY, under the title of 'The Last Days of Aurelian, or the Nazarenes of Rome.' It is pronounced, by the English critics, to be even superior to 'Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra,' our 'Palmyra Letters,' which have become so widely popular abroad. The same publisher announces as in press, 'Eve Effingham, or Home,' the English title, doubtless, of COOPER'S 'Home-as-Found,' now passing through the press at Philadelphia; and, in connection with the London house of Messrs WILEY AND PUTNAM, Mr. STEPHENS' last 'Incidents of Travel.' The trans-Atlantic reputation which his first work acquired, will cause the present to be sought after with eagerness. Mrs. JAMIESON has in press a new work on the United States and the Canadas, entitled 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles.' It will be re-published here by Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, by contract, from the early sheets. The lady speaks, we are informed, with much enthusiasm, of her visit to the United States, and of the great cordiality with which she was received among us. 'The American in Paris,' by our sprightly and clever countryman, SANDERSON, has been published by Bentley, and received with deserved applause. The 'Civil Engineering,' by Prof. MAHAN, of West Point, has been reprinted in Glasgow, and is every where spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. Last, and perhaps least, but not to us, our own poor labors are in enhanced demand with the trans-Atlantines. Fifty additional copies of the KNICKERBOCKER are ordered per the 'Great Western,' by our London publishers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — We have an 'Editor's Drawer' in preparation for an early number, to embrace the favors of several correspondents, which demand to be accompanied by a word or two of affirmative or negative comment. To 'C. M.,' however, who requests 'an immediate publication or notice,' of his poetry, we may say at once, that his lines are not to our taste. Aside from certain cheap and sterile artifices, which seldom accompany meritorious compositions, there is, in the terminating syllables, such a Procrustes-like forcing of unruly words into services for which they have the utmost repugnance, as we never remember to have encountered before. One or two stanzas brought forcibly to mind the lines of the German lover-student:

'Oh, where is my companion true,
With whom I flirted at the U-
Niversity of Gottingen!
She was the daughter of my tu-
Tor, law-professor at the U-
Niversity of Gottingen?'

HALE'S NEWS ROOM. — This establishment demands a word of praise. It is supplied with papers from every quarter of the world; English, French, Scottish, German, Russian, Spanish, Italian, Grecian, etc.; together with all the principal newspapers and literary and scientific periodicals of our own country. The room is well conducted, and affords, moreover, a convenient resort for the interchange of commercial and other business information.

* * * NOTICES of the following works, although in type, are unavoidably omitted: 'A tale of the Huguenots,' Ellen Clifford,' 'The Mothers' Monthly Journal,' 'Health and Beauty,' 'Life of Black-Hawk,' 'PEERS,' 'American Education,' 'Stone's Life of Erant,' 'Religious Souvenir,' and 'Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities.'